

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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FOREST FIRES, AND THEIR LESSON.

THE destruction of property by the forest fires that have swept over a large part of Michigan and Wisconsin may for the moment appear less than the annihilation of property in Chicago. The latter is counted by its hundreds, the former by its tens of millions. Chicago, however, can be rebuilt, on a scale more imposing than before, in a year, or two years, or ten years; but who can rear again "the pillars of Nature's temple," the grand old forests, on the products of which Chicago relied for a large part of the materials for her own reconstruction! The fragrant pines, the sturdy oaks—slow growths of centuries—have been swept away over an area half as broad as New England. The child born to-day, were he to live the three-score and ten years allotted to man, would fail to witness their restoration—yes, and his son, and his



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—SCENE ON MONROE STREET.—RECOVERING VALUABLES FROM THE RUINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 117.

son's son, would not survive to see them in the glory that has departed in flame and smoke.

These forests, in great part, owe their destruction to a cause which their extinction will enhance for evil—drouth; and that drouth, also, in great part, the result of man's ignorance, recklessness, and want of prevision. Chicago owes its own desolation, indirectly, to the same causes. Throughout the West, as it was formerly in the East, the settler regarded the annihilation of the forest as his first mission; every tree was looked on by him as an enemy to be extirpated. He swept bare the hills on which the friendly forest collected the distillations from the dews, the moisture from the mists, and caught the rains from the clouds to dispense and disperse them, in perennial springs and rivulets, for the feeding of the clearings below, the delectation of the thirsty



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—THE YOUNG LADIES OF CHICAGO MAKING AND DISTRIBUTING SANDWICHES TO THE POOR CHILDREN.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 117.

king, and to give fullness to the growing corn. He felled the few clumps of forest trees that had slowly gained a foothold on the broad prairies, where they acted as screens against the wild and wanton winds that sweep these level lands; while, in some degree, doing the natural duty of their brethren on the hills, in collecting and dispensing the too scant moisture which Nature has vouchsafed to those Western regions.

Who is there among our readers that has not been astonished, on visiting the scenes of his childhood and youth, in our Eastern and Middle States, to find the copious streams in which he speared the sleepy "sucker" and caught the speckled trout, a pound or more in weight, in the pools of which his prudent mamma enjoined him not to venture to swim unless there was somebody about to assist him in an emergency—who of these has not been astonished to find those gushing streams and swirling pools reduced to dribbling rills and froggy puddles? Yet, if he were to look up at the hills around him, once covered with the birch, the hemlock, the beech, and the pine, and once resonant with the drum of the partridge, now bare and bleak, their sandy surfaces patched only with sorrel or stunt ferns, he would not fail to discover the rational explanation of the phenomenon that at once astonished and grieved him.

An extraordinary and perhaps almost unprecedented drouth in a great part of the West, enhanced by man's greed and want of foresight, in an indiscriminate destruction of forests, has given the Demon of Fire, so soft and gentle as a servant, so terrible and tyrannical as a master, his great opportunity, and he has used it well in the cause of destruction and death.

There are, we believe, various societies, agricultural and others, in the West, which make the planting of trees, in appropriate places, a special matter of merit, to be rewarded or recognized in some conspicuous way. Their multiplication and activity may mitigate if not wholly avert the ravages of the fire-fiend who has wrought such wholesale devastation throughout the Northwest, this Autumn.

The destruction of the Michigan and Wisconsin forests, we repeat, is not to be measured by the actual amount of crude or improved property that has disappeared in ashes. It is to be considered also in the less obvious light of rain-making power extinct—in the light of hitherto fertile fields possibly converted into deserts, or, at any rate, lost to productive energy.

There is another aspect of these forest-fires on which it is too painful to dwell. Lament as we may over Chicago, and we may well put on sack-cloth in view of its misfortunes, yet Death played in it a minor part, while among the pioneers of the Northwest, the hardy and frugal frontiersmen, the Inexorable Slayer held high carnival. Let us not stay our hand of cheer and charity for Chicago, but let us thrust it in deeper, if aught remains in our purses that we can spare, for the relatively voiceless people of the burnt woods. Chicago can shriek and crow alternately through Press and telegraph; but what of the burnt, blinded, starving people of the Black Wilderness?

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

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OR,

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BY

BETT WINWOOD.

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We shall continue in the next number to give our readers a choice selection from the numerous sketches by our artists, and views by our photographers, of the results of the great fire at Chicago, as well as of the work actively going on in the way of restoration.

We have also made extensive preparations for the illustration on an unprecedented scale of the daily expected visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to the United States, and our first number issued after his arrival will contain several most interesting illustrations of the subject.

We desire to call attention to the announcement, among our advertisements, of the first issue of our new paper for the ladies. FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL will appear on Monday next, with the latest Paris Fashions superbly engraved by the first artists; also, choice literature, and varied contents, that cannot fail to please.

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THE REIGN OF RASCALDOM.

In the life of a nation, as in that of an individual, there are periods which are critical, and a restoration to health, or the certainty of speedy death, depends on the way this malady is met. The crisis which now menaces the life and health of the United States is to be traced to the wide-spread and deep-seated dishonesty, corruption and theft which, like some poisonous virus, have inoculated the great body of our public men in National, State and Municipal positions, until rascality seems to be the rule, and honesty the exception. The shameless cynicism with which the great public plunderers of our day brazen out their infamy, is only equalled by the apathy with which the public permits these robberies, and condones for them by lavishing place and power upon the offenders.

"The way of the transgressor" has ceased to be "hard"—unless he be a transgressor of very low degree—and rascality rides rampant over the land, from the halls of Congress to the lowest department of public plunder.

Well said the poet, that Vice once grown familiar to the view, after first exciting our hate, next succeeded in gaining our pity, and finally was taken into our embrace.

The familiarity of the public mind with daily and almost hourly instances of public peculation and betrayal of high trusts has created this indulgent disposition, until at last the wholesome indignation, which is the best safeguard of honesty, has been diluted into a maudlin sympathy with the malefactors. And the rankness of the growth of this evil is not more startling than its rapidity. It is a new thing—a foul fungus, suddenly forced into fetid life, out of the corruptions engendered by the war. It is "a new departure" in a wrong direction—down that smooth, broad path to the devil.

We all remember the sensation which, before the war, was ever caused by the discovery of a public defaulter, and the indignation which drove him ever forth from place and country, on his detection. Punishment sure and swift was certain to seize upon him, if he dared linger after the facts were known.

A breach of trust was not then considered a joke, nor theft elevated into the dignity of a fine art, whose most eminent professors were to be regarded with envy and admiration.

Think of the clamor which was raised over the comparatively petty peculations of Swartwout, Schuyler, Fowler, and other small sinners like them, who even found the country too hot to hold them, and died in exile, as an expiation to the public sentiment they had outraged.

Yet, their frauds were as molehills to the mountains which the busy hands of our public speculators have heaped up, and are daily piling higher. Within the last ten years, where they stole cents, their successors stole by thousands and tens of thousands; and instead of flying from punishment, flaunt their crimes and their ill-gotten wealth in the face of the community, heedless either of the arm of the law, or the more potent hiss of public scorn.

What can be done to arrest this great and growing evil—to extirpate this ugly ulcer on the body politic, each day growing larger and more offensive, and eating into the very vitals of our society?

For, private virtue cannot long survive the death of public honor and honesty; nor private morality fail to catch the contagion of public profligacy. If the representative men of a country, those in whom its high trusts are reposed, be corrupt and shameless, they will drag down into the same gutter the morals of the people they plunder and misrepresent.

That most fearful picture of a corrupt community, drawn by Curran, in his description of the public pests of his day—"remaining at the bottom like drowned bodies while soundness remained in them, but rising only as they rotted, and floating only from the buoyancy of corruption"—seems unhappily destined to find its parallel here, unless public virtue and public indignation should awake, to condemn and chastise the corruption which is tainting and poisoning the air around us.

True, we have occasional spasmodic outbreaks of what assumes to be public indignation, over some outrageous fraud, or abuse of trust; but, in nine cases out of ten it is only a party howl, intended for party purposes, and differing as widely from the genuine article as does the shrill vituperation of a courtesan from the outraged modesty of a virtuous matron. Thus, within our own city limits, during the last few weeks, we have seen the Custom-House ring throw stones at Tammany, in the name of the public, and Tammany return the compliment, by smashing the glass windows of Collector Murphy, who ought certainly to be eminently fitted to "catch a thief," if those charges and the old adage be true.

Yet, every one knows that the public opinion sought to be manufactured on both sides is meant for no public end, save the low uses of manufacturing votes; and that the public spirit and moral tone of the mutual accusers are about on a par.

No, it is not by such instruments or by such means that the polluted atmosphere is to be purified; nor does it at all follow that honest men will get their own when the rogues fall out. Such may have been the case in primitive times; but in this reign of Rascaldom, the honest men get no sort of showing at all; and it is a contest like that of Pharaoh's "lean" and "fat kine," merely.

That the great body of our people are corrupt, or that they at heart approve of corruption, no one will be mad enough to maintain. But they are responsible before heaven and to posterity for the criminal apathy they manifest in their silent sanction of the corruption and crime which are fast making the American name a synonym for theft, for brazen impudence and unblushing rascality.

"THERE IS A TIME TO LAUGH."

ONE of the saddest symptoms of degeneracy in a people is evinced by a desperate levity—a scoffing spirit such as that which inspired the French people when they denied even God, and substituted a prostitute to be their "Goddess of Reason." Something of that spirit is unhappily manifesting itself here. Mockery is a bad substitute for righteous indignation—and the response to some serious words of Mr. Beecher, by his congregation, is a significant sign of the times. He spoke only the truth, when he told his parishioners, at the Plymouth Church, the other day, that these city frauds are but signs of the times—not exceptional. He added another truth when he said that the financial dishonesty of the times was as true of commercial as of political circles, and as patent at Washington as at New York. But when he said, "The time will come, when you or your children will see an honest government in the city of New York," the grave elders answered him—how? By "laughter"! And when he quoted the solemn words of Scripture, "Think you that those eighteen men on whom the power of Siloam fell, were sinners above all others in Jerusalem? I tell ye nay!"—"Think you that these six or seven on whom the New York Times's ax fell are sinners above all in New York?"—he was again answered by "laughter." "If all men that have been guilty of fraud in New York were to have a tower fall on them, there would be funerals enough for fifty years"—and once more there was a great guffaw from the congregation.

Yet, a fitter response to truths as serious as these would have been tears rather than laughter, for "more tragical mirth" we have not witnessed in this generation. Certainly, "there is a time to laugh," as the wise man said: but were this time and place well chosen? If we see such things in the dry woods, what may we not expect to find in the green? If our old men are irreverent, and disposed to make merry over serious things, we cannot reasonably expect our youth to be otherwise.

Yet, the basis of all earnest life and earnest endeavor must lie in serious convictions—not in light, airy scoffing.

No man knows this better than Mr. Beecher, who is himself a very earnest man; and he must have felt anything but flattered by the untimely mirth of his auditors.

We may expect soon, if this kind of thing is encouraged, to have comic versions of the Scripture, and broad grins of piety replacing that decorous solemnity we ever have associated with religious worship.

Some of the monks of the middle ages were famous for their facetiousness; but even in those unrefined days the popular sense of propriety was shocked by their levity, though people went to hear them as they would go to a play. But we may rest assured that the fault in this case was with the audience, not the preacher, and arose from that want of reverence which is the sin of our day. The people who laughed did not take in the sense of what they heard; they only attached their own ludicrous acceptance to the phrases they heard.

The pastor of Plymouth Church may well pray to be delivered from his friends, if they treat him thus, and make him, in his own despite, a jester and a trifler with things holy, provoking mirth by parodying the Scriptural sayings. The judgment which overtook the men of Siloam was visited on them for sins not unlike those which seem to invite a similar judgment from offended Heaven upon our modern Siloams, and is no jesting matter. Nay, in view of the many recent terrible visitations which have fallen upon different parts of our country, many voices have already been raised proclaiming them as marks of Divine wrath against national sins, perpetrated by a people who should by their lives testify their sense of the blessings showered upon them in more prodigal profusion than on any other race in the annals of mankind.

ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN IN CITIES.

THE necessities of the case are now strongly influencing many right-minded people in this and other large cities to establish and enlarge institutions where young men can find associations alike useful and agreeable. Thousands of our country friends may yet thank us for inviting their attention to this subject—the "old folks at home," as well as the young men who are attracted by the prospects of city life.

Amid all the glitter, excitement and corruption, there is much to encourage those who earnestly seek for improvement. Facilities in forming pleasant associations, and for making progress in education of the best character, serve largely to counteract the many seductive influences ever seeking victims in large towns.

The cost of even a single tenpenny cigar per week would doubly pay the price of admission of a clerk to all the advantages of the "Mercantile Library Association"—the reading-rooms of which, with one of the largest and best-selected libraries in the United States—all being admirably managed—are accessible at all hours between eight in the morning and ten at night.

The "Cooper Institute," with a reading-room of about equal character (though its library is small, at present), has schools of science and art, to which all persons, young and old and of both sexes, are invited free of expense. And the extent to which its free education is appreciated may be inferred from the fact that its classes in various branches of scientific, literary and artistic instruction numbered about fifteen hundred regular attendants during the past season—not including the thousands attending on its free courses of lectures between November and April.

In the immediate neighborhood of the two noble institutions just named, and within a couple of blocks of the Library of the New York Historical Society, is the "Astor Library"—the large and rich stores of which, including most valuable works of reference on all subjects and from nearly all countries, are free to all visitors. The only defect in this institution is that its treasures are only enjoyable between say ten in the morning and five in the afternoon—which precludes the many who can only devote their evenings to study.

Here, close together, are several institutions which it is a luxury to visit, and from which knowledge in all its branches may be derived—to an extent probably unequaled within any similarly small radius in the world—freely derived—for the couple of dollars a year required for clerks for membership leave the Mercantile Library and Reading-room substantially free to young men—the charge for others being only five dollars per annum.

We group the above-named institutions in our list, from their locations being in close proximity. We are far from underrating the "Apprentices' Library," in Broadway, near the St. Nicholas Hotel—an institution which originated about the same time as the Mercantile Library—half a century ago—and which, like many other similar institutions through the land, was inaugurated by the venerable William Wood—a benefactor of his race, and rightly esteemed by such men as Lord Brougham in Europe, as well as by prominent men of his time in our own land—a philanthropist who labored so unobtrusively, with such aversion to notoriety, that his name is known to few indeed among the millions who have been benefited by the system of popular libraries which he designed. Every apprentice, or young person, of either sex, can have free access to the valuable library and reading-room of this institution—which is a part of the organization of the "General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen"—one of our most venerable institutions.

The "Young Men's Christian Association" offers the attractions of a good library and reading-room, with frequent lectures, in its palatial edifice, opposite the National Academy of Fine Arts, on a corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, near Madison Park and the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The charge here is merely nominal; and great efforts are made to render this society attractive and extensive.

Various other institutions might be named, wherein a charge of only three or five dollars per annum would entitle the visitor to the constant use of literary and scientific records, as well as access to the best newspapers and periodicals. But our object is measurably answered in drawing attention to the above-named institutions, as among the most prominent objects to which any visitor, young or old, but especially the former, should look for pleasant associations and useful information or education—where knowledge is not pursued "amid difficulties," but with all the cheering accompaniments which could reasonably be desired. It would be difficult for country people to render their young friends greater service than by stimulating them to avail the benefits of these institutions on becoming residents in this commercial metropolis—or with similar societies in Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities—for, happily, all or nearly all our principal towns have now some attractions of the nature above-mentioned. Parents and others visiting large towns should examine these institutes wherever existent, and make their young friends presents of tickets of membership (where tickets are required), which would serve as agreeable souvenirs of absent friends, while greatly benefiting the youthful recipients. Young men who become identified with, and enjoy the comfort and benefit of, such institutions, are thereby fitted better to prosper in society.

It is satisfactory to find that arrangements have been completed for the interchange of postal money-orders between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland. In some of the newspapers announcing this fact, mistakes have occurred respecting the rates of commission on these orders. It has been stated that on orders not exceeding \$10 the commission is to be \$25. This is a mistake; it should be \$0.25, or 25c.; on orders over \$10, and not exceeding \$20, \$50. This is also a mistake; it should be \$0.50, or 50c. Similar mistakes as to the commissions to be charged on other amounts have also occurred, dollars having sometimes been substituted for cents. Since the adoption of the international postal money-order system, it has become of great utility to the public, and it is growing rapidly in importance from year to year. According to the annual report of the British Postmaster-General, the number of money-orders issued in the United Kingdom in 1870 for payment abroad was 24,674, for the sum of \$485,825, and 125,575 orders were issued abroad for the payment of \$2,743,120 in the United Kingdom. The suggestion of the international and the intercolonial postal money-order system originated with Mr. E. Nugent, of London, in 1857.

The American correspondent of the London Standard comments severely on the freedom of manners existing here between the sexes. One of his comments is to the effect that the easy-going intercourse between young people, which was perfectly compatible with a high standard of morality in the comparatively simple kind of life led in this city thirty years ago, is not longer so in a great capital abounding in libertinism of all kinds. There is a degree of

truth in this, and it is one which parents who know little of young New York may with advantage remember. This city to-day is not the city of their youth, and conventionalities and restrictions, which may seem to many absurd, have no doubt often the effect of shielding girls from harm. The extreme liberty of action accorded to daughters in many families is, we fear, too often apt to lead to license, and thousands would in the end be the happier for subjection to a stricter discipline. *Facilis descensus Avernii.*

[We have recently had some very clever dialectic poems, perhaps a few too many of them, and it may be something of a relief to turn from "Out West" to "Out East." The infection has spread to England, and "A Policeman" thus defines "War and Glory," after the new fashion.—Ed.]

War and Glory! Ain't it awful
Nonsense to unite the two!
War at best is only lawful
When chaps won't keep hands off you.
Then, if you wops who prowk'ee,
Why shout "victory" and crow?
When we run a cove in chokey,
We don't holler, don't you know.

It's them poets what has done it,
Writin' their confounded stuff;
If a battle's fort, who won it
They can't lather half enuff.
Floods of glory he could swim in,
Praise and honor pour like rain
Jest as they have spilt the wimmen,
Makin' 'em so plaguery vain.

Whist you deals destrucshun utter
To a hundred thousand men,
If you put up one chap's shutter
You'll be told of it agen.
What you do wholesale don't shock, it's
Petty crime agin one tells;
Jest as one may not pick pockets,
May start comp'neys or hotels.

The Döllinger, or Anti-Infallibility movement in Germany, is spreading and becoming cohesive. The Catholics rejecting the new dogma of Papal Infallibility recently met in Heidelberg. They were not content with repudiating the dogma, but denied supreme jurisdiction in the Church to the Pope. They adopted resolutions embodying their belief that the time is not far distant when there may be a union of the old Catholic party with the Greek Church in its various forms; and not this only, but they expressed the hope that ere long an agreement may be reached, if ever so gradually, between the protesting branch of the Roman Catholic body and actually Protestant Churches—especially the Episcopal Churches of England and America.

It is not much to the credit of wealthy London, with its millions of churchmen, that Sir Christopher Wren's greatest work still remains unfinished. A committee was appointed some time since to raise a fund for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral, but the subscriptions came in in such dribblets that it began to be thought a hopeless task to attempt to raise a sufficient sum. An anonymous contribution of the magnificent sum of three shillings has now suggested to the committee the advisability of inviting the poorer classes to subscribe, and a penny subscription has been proposed.

THERE is an old saying about the effect of water on a duck's back. In its bloated form it appears as follows in an essay on "Mind and Money Considered as Currency," by a person named Randolph: "The cleansing stream which glides, impotent for evil, from the plumage of the plunging water-fowl." This is about the best thing we have seen since the adage "Don't whistle till you are out of the woods" was rendered: "It is inexpedient for sentient beings to exercise their vocal propensities in the boundless contiguity of shade."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Illumination at Turin—Representation of the Alpine Tunnel.

Among the festivities following the opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, was a great illumination in the city of Turin, of which one of the chief features is represented in our engraving. In the wide thoroughfare called the Corso del Rè, which is like the Boulevards of a French town, and which is close to the railway station, an immensely prolonged series of arches, constructed of metal pipes, thickly set with gas-burners, had been set up in such an array as to represent, in fire, the shape of the tunnel viewed from one of its entrances, with a vista that seemed to be of infinite extent. This contrivance, like most of the other devices in fanciful illumination, which were to be admired in different streets and piazzas of Turin, was the design and workmanship of an artist named Ottino, dwelling in that city, whose ingenuity has long been famed throughout the Kingdom of Italy.

Sunday Morning among the Hop-Pickers.

The cultivation of this graceful, cheerful and useful English plant, which occupies nearly thirty thousand acres of the soil in Kent alone, is a subject familiar and interesting to Englishmen. A hop-garden in the picking season is to the eye of taste more picturesque than either a French, German, Italian or Spanish vineyard. Near the end of August the harvest begins, and brings to the scene of action a curious mixture of all classes, in hopes of two or three weeks of agreeable and

profitable employment. When evening descends, the multitude deserts to lodge wherever they can find shelter—in barns, outhouses, gipsy tents or under the hedges, cooking, eating, drinking, sleeping, and to a small extent dressing and undressing, in the primitive simplicity of camp-life. The sketch engraved represents a Sunday morning scene, which, from the occupations of some of the pickers, may suggest the desirableness of missionary visitation in that quarter.

The Fair of St. Cloud, near Paris.

The little town of St. Cloud suffered almost total desolation by the fire of artillery during the siege of Paris. We have already published a view of the ruins of the famous palace of that name. The place is again called to our notice by the annual fair recently held there among the ruins, and which was, as usual, a noted resort of Parisian festivity and social vanity. To go with one's wife and family to picnic on a Sunday afternoon, amid the charred and blackened debris of this once bright and favored spot, seems to possess a peculiar fascination for the Paris bourgeois. All in and about the ruins are ingeniously contrived places of refreshment and amusement. The dancing-tennis, as well as the theatres, drinking-booths and bazaars, were more crowded than had ever been known in former years. Altogether, you have a combination of sights, sounds and impressions, such as the French alone could have invented.

Burning of the Steamer "Lafayette" at Havre.

Our readers have been informed by telegraph some weeks since of the burning of this well known steamer while lying at its wharf in Havre. It was one of the vessels belonging to the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," plying between this port, Brest and Havre, and our illustration of the conflagration by which it was destroyed cannot fail to interest a large portion of the traveling public.

Arrival of the Ex-Empress Eugénie at the Villa of her Mother, the Countess of Montijo, in Carabanchel.

Spaniards of all opinions look with pride and respect to their countrywoman, the Ex-Empress Eugénie, the illustrious descendant of Gusman the Good, who, after so brilliantly occupying the Imperial throne of France, has again descended to private life. She is now in Spain on a visit to her mother, the venerable Countess of Montijo, and our illustration from a Spanish paper shows her reception at the villa. The Empress Eugénie, while her husband and son proceeded to Torbay, embarked for Lisbon, and on the 15th of September reached Madrid, whence, attended by the Marquis of Huescar and the Marquis of Bassano, she was driven in a close carriage to the neighboring town of Carabanchel de Abajo. Her arrival even at the early hour of seven had drawn together a crowd of all ranks: nobles who were her early friends—the poor who still remembered the charitable and affable Eugénie. The guard announced the arrival, and in a few moments the Ex-Empress was in the arms of her mother, who awaited her at the foot of the principal staircase, in her widow's attire, with her niece, chaplain, steward—two ladies assisting the Ex-Empress from her carriage.

Reception of the King of Spain at Valencia.

The tour of the young King of Spain through the provinces over which he has recently been called to reign has been marked by many gratifying demonstrations on the part of his subjects. His reception at Valencia especially exhibited much popular good feeling. Triumphant arches were erected both by the army and the people, one being raised on the Plaza de Cajeros by the Progressive Society of the city, and another in the Plaza de Tetuan by the army. The latter is the scene represented in our illustration.

SCIENTIFIC.

DR. HENRY CASSERE, a German, has been sent by the Peruvian Government to make a collection of plants and animals in the Amazon territory, which are to form part of the Great International Exhibition at Lima.

A SPONGE paper has been patented in France. It is made by uniting finely divided sponge with ordinary paper pulp. It absorbs water with avidity, and retains it for a considerable time. It is found especially useful for surgeons, and it has already received several technical applications.

THE great subject of excitement in the South Pacific is the continued discoveries in the new Caracoles district of Bolivia. Silver is now being produced at the rate of 4,000 lbs. per day, or £400,000 a year. Coal has been discovered, and new gems are found. The amethyst is the most abundant, and the opal of the finest quality. Marine fossils have been recognized in the formations.

AN event of rare occurrence has happened in the southern part of the great rainless desert of Atacama, a heavy fall of rain having taken place in Northern Chile on the 31st May, from the coast to the Cordillera, and from Tres Puntas to Chonacillo, including Copiapo. A similar phenomenon occurred a little earlier in Northern Peru, covering the desert of Sechura, lying between Paiza and Piura.

A SELF-INFLATING life-preserver has been devised in Belgium, consisting of a belt containing carbonate of soda and tartaric acid, so arranged that when the wearer falls overboard the two substances are mixed, and evolve sufficient gas to float him. The idea is said to have been suggested by a shipwrecked apothecary whose life was saved by the circumstance of his having a box of Seidlitz powders in his pocket.

THE troubles of the British Indian Government about snakes are serious. The number of deaths by snake-bites is great, but the number of snakes is greater, and when the experiment is tried of paying for snakes killed, the local treasuries are in danger of depletion; a fraudulent trade in dead snakes springs up worse than in sham tigers. Science seems to be the only mediator. In Bangalore rewards were paid in one month for 1,913 snakes, but it was found, on examination, that only 6 per cent., or 123, were really poisonous.

MR. OCTAVE PAVÉ, a gentleman of French extraction, and, it is said, formerly a resident of New Orleans, has been lately in San Francisco, preparing for his proposed visit to Wrangell's Land—an island which was discovered several years ago by Captain Long, to the northwest of Behring Straits, off the coast of Siberia. Mr. Pavé proposes to go to Cape Yokam, as the nearest point, and to embark thence, in an india-rubber boat, for the region referred to. This boat is so arranged as to serve as a sledge on land and a boat in the water, and much is expected

from its performances. Should Wrangell's Land be reached, the subject of proceeding still further to the northwest will be entertained, with the idea that possibly a route to the pole may be found in that direction.

A NEW school of Mechanical Engineering, founded by the late Edwin A. Stevens, Esq., and named the "Stevens Institute of Technology," is located at Hoboken, N. J., and opened its first term on the 20th of September. This institution has an endowment of about \$750,000, a faculty consisting of a President (Dr. Henry Morton, for a long time editor of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia), and seven Professors. It is furnished with laboratories and workshops, with cabinets of instruments and models of machinery.

RECENTLY, Mr. Henry F. Blandford has been discussing the Normal Rainfall of Bengal. He gives the mean of the two years, 1868-1869, as follows for the following places:

Name of Place.	Elevation.	Mean Rainfall of two years.
Darjiling.....	6,950 feet.	117.93 inches.
Rungbee.....	8,000 feet.	167.07 inches.
Rishap.....	2,000 feet.	104.95 inches.
Rungpore.....	70 feet.	85.22 inches.
Dinagopore.....	80 feet.	85.84 inches.

These differences in relation to temperature are striking.

WE have now full details of the severe cyclone which visited Antigua, St. Kitts, St. Bartholomew, St. Martins, Tortola, St. Thomas, and Porto Rico, on the 21st of August. The heaviest gusts of wind were felt at St. Thomas, between 4:30 and 5 P.M., and about 6 o'clock there was a sudden calm; the centre of the cyclone then passing over the island, and by 7 the violence of the wind had ceased. The damage done in all these islands is excessive; in St. Thomas the losses are returned at forty-two persons killed, seventy-nine seriously injured, and 420 houses completely destroyed. At Antigua the cyclone was very severe; eighty persons are reported killed, and several hundred wounded. Scarcely a house or plantation in the island has escaped damage. Every place is "bleak, bare and desolate."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

FIVE women, more than eighty years old, are living in Nantucket, who are widows of five brothers.

AN Indiana man has laid in twenty dollars worth of quinine. They say that the dogs and trees in the neighborhood are supplied by him with bark.

AN Erie girl tried to commit suicide in a mud-puddle, and it cost her two dollars and forty cents for washing.

A TENNESSEE editor named Figures has subtracted himself from the staff of his paper, and his late patrons cipher his departure from the town.

THE suicide of a Waterbury young woman by drowning may with propriety be regarded as a water-burial affair.

A RICH Detroit capitalist called at the police station the other morning and reported the loss of an eight-cent box of matches.

MR. WILLIAM INK, of New Hampshire, is now one hundred and three years old. If his parents ever dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out, they doubtless would have named him Indelible.

A MARRIAGE between Charles and Mary Lell, chronicled in a Western paper, silences for ever the geometrical theory that there can be no union between pair o' Lells.

DR. RUSSELL, of Bull Run fame, has received the German decoration of the Black, White and Red Ribbon, as a mark of the Prince Imperial's admiration of his war correspondence in the London *Times*.

THE discovery in Norwich, Conn., of a music-book belonging to Benedict Arnold explains how the tenor of his character was turned to thorough base.

A MASTODON's tooth, weighing eight pounds, has been found near Portage, Wis., and search is being made for the remainder of the bones of the huge animal.

MAJOR JUNIUS B. WHEELER, of the Engineer Corps, has been appointed Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy, vice Professor Mahan, deceased. Major Wheeler has a high reputation as an engineer, and his appointment gives great satisfaction at West Point.

It is estimated that during the last five centuries more than \$250,000,000 worth of real estate has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachments of the sea. A number of villages and towns which used to be set down on the old maps have entirely disappeared.

At last the statue of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, in Touro Park, Newport, is finished, with the exception of two plain bronze rings to cover a space above and below the base-reliefs upon the pedestal. The whole is a beautiful work of art, and reflecting much credit upon the artist, the donor, and the city.

It is stated that there is barely a man in Corsica who would not gladly give his last drop of blood for the advancement of any person bearing the name of Bonaparte. The Corsicans still reverence the name of Napoleon I., whom they speak of as "our God-like fellow-countryman, and the greatest of all Corsican heroes."

THE Charleston (S. C.) *Courier* says: "It is reported that Eugene, the youngest son of Baron Rothschild, will visit this city as soon as the fever shall have entirely departed, for the purpose of conferring with those Israelites here who may wish to remove to Jerusalem, under the plan looking to the selection of that site as a home of the race generally."

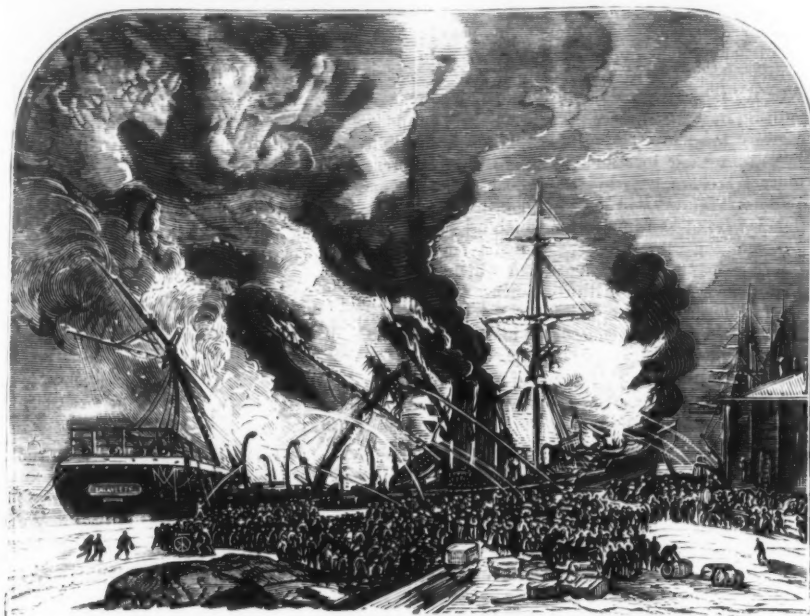
MR. MORRIS PHILLIPS, of the *Home Journal*, who has lately returned from his European trip, is entertaining and instructing his numerous readers with a series of capably-written papers of his experiences abroad, which we think must prove highly interesting both to traveled and untraveled Americans. One of these articles treats of the railway system in England generally, and that of London (with its cabs and omnibuses) particularly. The papers make bright and agreeable reading, and have the charm of truth.

WE regret to announce the death of Colonel D. Harry Huyett, an artist, author, soldier, and noble-hearted man. Some years ago he was a frequent contributor to our columns, both as an artist and writer. The manner of his death was very sudden. His friend, Mr. H. Y. Anderson, of Columbiana, Ala., thus gives the particulars: "On the 15th September, the colonel captured a Thunder or Bead snake, which he did not consider to be venomous—it bit him on the forehead, just over the right temple. Not having any suspicion that it was poisonous, he refused medical attention. In a few hours, however, he became speechless, and expired, perfectly conscious, in the arms of his wife. He died in his own house, near Columbiana, Ala."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



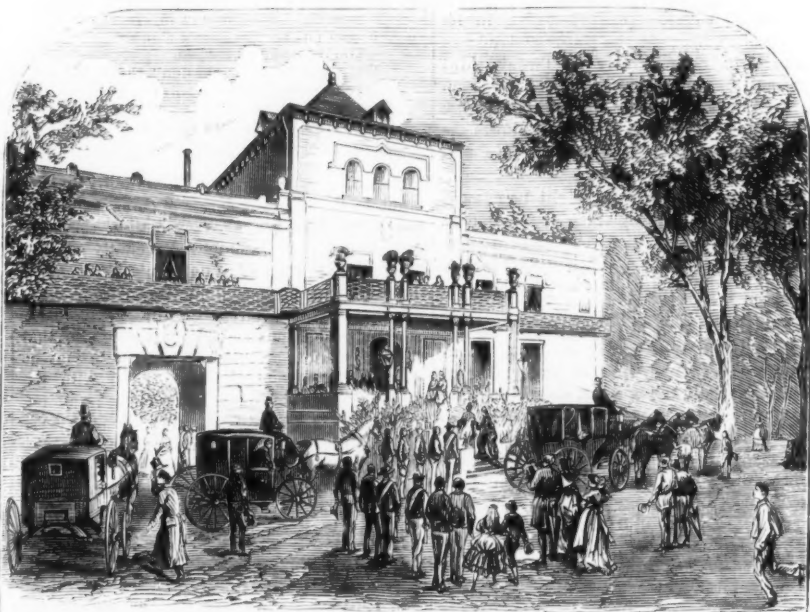
ITALY.—THE ALPINE TUNNEL—ILLUMINATED REPRESENTATION AT TURIN.



FRANCE.—BURNING OF THE STEAMER "LAFAYETTE," AT THE WHARF AT HAVRE.



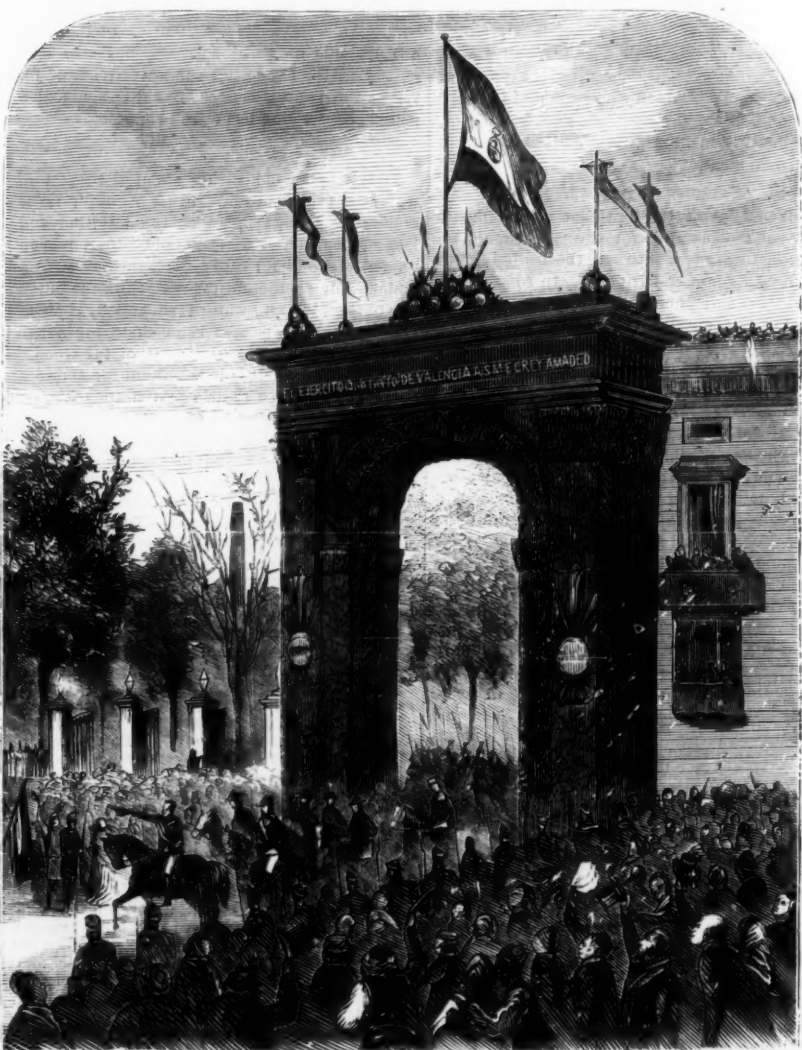
ENGLAND.—SUNDAY MORNING AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS OF KENT.



SPAIN.—VISIT OF THE EX-EMPERE EUGÉNIE TO HER MOTHER, THE COUNTESS OF MONTIJO, AT HER VILLA.



FRANCE.—THE FAIR OF ST. CLOUD, NEAR PARIS.



SPAIN.—TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE KING OF SPAIN, AT VALENCIA



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—LADIES DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING TO THE SUFFERERS OF BOTH SEXES.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

AFTER THE TORNADO.

A GREAT CITY DESOLATE.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

It would do a large-hearted business man good to stroll among the ruins of Chicago and listen to the words of confidence and cheer breaking spontaneously from men who for years held the rank of the most substantial of the large population. A strange phase of human nature is seen in the case of the heaviest losers by the catastrophe, who invariably are the most sanguine of a speedy resurrection. Those whom one would reasonably expect to find in asylums for the deranged, if any still existed, are the least despondent.

Poor in the material wealth of a city, Chicago is rich beyond measure in the possession of men of such sterling courage as enable them to smile at the roaring, hissing efforts of the fire-fiend to accomplish disaster. The business world views with the heartiest sympathy their spirit of enterprise and independence, and thrusts forward its immense purse, saying: "Draw, on your own time."

Having passed through the excitement of the conflagration, and pointed out many incidents that occurred previous to the extinction of the fire, we now start upon

A RAMBLE AMONG THE TOMBS

that mark the localities where thousands of fortunes were melted down to ashes. And at the outset we see on every hand evidences of that thrift which will soon transform the blackened desert into a smiling metropolis. There are at least eighteen thousand men busily engaged in the prominent portion of the city, clearing away the huge heaps of debris, and cleaning bricks that may be relaid. With the exception of isolated patches, scarcely a street has a yard of wooden pavement remaining. The largest cobble-stones were split in pieces by the heat, while the crossings of blue flag and other stones crumpled away like slabs of chalk.

In many instances we noticed bricklayers hard at work putting up new walls as fast as the ruins could be removed, and while the stone and brick were still warm. Especially was this enterprise remarked on Madison and State Streets.

Edging our way through crowds of busy citizens and lazy spectators, we at length came upon the house owned by the Irishwoman whose cow and kerosene-lamp occasioned the sparks that resulted in the terrible calamity. The shed, or barn, was destroyed in a trice, but strange to say, the residence of the owner, not far distant, was the only building left uninjured in the locality. When the great desert of ruins was exposed, after the rain had lifted the heavy envelope of smoke, this woman was seen standing by her door, wondering, as others, at the



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—WORKMEN HAULING SAFES FROM THE RUINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.

extent of the destruction, while her husband, in high consternation, repeatedly asked the bystanders if he would be held responsible for the loss of so much property.

THE SCENES IN THE NORTH DIVISION

were those of a most desolate landscape. Crossing the river by Division Street Bridge, a vast sweep of desolation stretches out before the eye. With the exception of a few pieces of solid masonry standing up here and there, monuments of departed glory, everything has been leveled to the ground, and no vestiges remain of the wooden buildings which lined the streets on that side of the river. Along Division Street nothing can be recognized until Sedgwick Street is marked by three jagged corners of what was once Franklin School. Thence to North Avenue there is not a trace on either side of the road, and yesterday persons wandered around in search of the sites of their homes, hoping to find among the debris, some remnants of their property. The fences and sidewalks are all gone, and the rails are bent and curved, in some places rising as high as three feet. A brick tower tells where the North Avenue Police Station stood, and standing out in bold relief against the sky are the walls and tower of St. Michael's (German) Church, on North Avenue. The walls do not appear to have suffered much, and seem to have withstood the heat better than any building on the north side. The Catholic Church of which Rev. Mr. Butler was the pastor has vanished entirely, and so has the Alexian Hospital, except part of a side wall, which rises high and grim. Between these landmarks nothing but rubbish remains.

For a long time we looked about in search of the sites of

BUILDINGS FAMILIAR TO THE EYE

of every visitor; the landmarks had disappeared, and were it not for a friendly guide, the search would have been in vain.

The Sherman House is a total ruin, and the remains in that part of the city are so scanty as to make it almost impossible to identify localities. On many of these streets women and children were engaged in collecting scraps of iron and all kinds of rubbish from the still hot buildings.

From Sedgwick, along North Avenue, to Orchard, everything is gone, the Newberry School having been a barrier to the further progress westward of the flames. The school-house is now a place of refuge, and each room is crowded with men, women and children, as many as twenty families being in each room. Food is being dealt out to them sufficient to supply their wants, and crowds of persons are in line all day getting rations.

The Church of the Holy Name is wrecked, all but the spire. That solid piece of work stands as good as ever, and the new story recently added shows by its substantial appearance that it was the work of a faithful and skillful mechanic.

The Orphan Home, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, which stood in the block alongside

the church, is gone entirely. But little of the wreck remains. It was there that two hundred and fifty orphan children found a home, and were educated by the pious women who devoted their lives to the holy work. The children had a narrow escape, and but for the efforts of Mr. J. B. Sullivan, who drove them away in his wagons, many of them would have fallen a sacrifice to the relentless destroyer.

Unity Church, so recently reared in all its beautiful proportions by the indomitable energy of Rev. Robert Collyer and his congregation, stands now stripped of all its grandeur, a ruined pile of blistered stone. The walls are solid, and the towers are not materially damaged, but the building is gutted from basement to roof.

The Water Works stood the fiery test well. The tower is intact. The walls of the immense engine-house are still perfect, the roof only being destroyed. It was strange how it took fire. The flames had only reached Ohio Street, when, suddenly and in an instant, the roof was blazing high, and the men inside running for their lives. The buildings intervening were untouched, and it seemed as if an invisible tongue of flame shot across and struck the roof with the rapidity and fatality of lightning. The assistant engineer had barely time to stop the engine, and shout to the men to open the safety-valves and save themselves. This occurred at half-past seven on Monday morning, up to which time there was a full head of water on, with only one engine running.

The Historical Society building, on Ontario Street, with its precious documents, was utterly destroyed. There was the original Emancipation Proclamation, with a collection of mementoes of the war, that would have been prized by all future ages. The building was intended to be fire-proof, and its massive walls would lead any one to believe that nothing could shake or destroy them. It would seem, however, that not even it could breast the fiery wave that beat and surged against it. The building is now a heap of stone. Two arched windows in the south end of the front are all that remain. They are there a monument of a fine building, and, worse than all, of some twelve fellow-creatures who are reported to be buried beneath the shapeless mass of rubbish.

St. James's Episcopal Church has lost its roof and floors, but otherwise the injury is apparently small.

Striking Lincoln Park, the trace of the besom of destruction is visible even there. The fences have all gone, and some of the railings around the graves in the Old Cemetery are scorched and burned. The fire did not penetrate far into the park, as it did not reach it until about eleven o'clock on Monday night, when the welcome rain was falling in torrents.

The old part of the Court-House is gutted, but the wings have stood very well, and the first floors are safe.

Much interest centred in the Academy of Design building, owing to the art treasures collected there. The artists worked heroically, but their efforts were of little avail, owing to the impossibility of getting means of transportation. The "Battle of Gettysburg," Rothermel's historical picture, was taken out by cutting it, and we are specially informed that it is safe, and will shortly be shipped to the artist who owns it. The large group of J. W. Doan's family, painted by Pine, and Vok's bust of N. O. Stone, were also saved. The two architectural pictures by Neal, of Munich, which have been in the gallery so long, were only recently shipped to Yale College. Gudlin's large marine, a picture by Biersstadt, nearly all the small pictures in the gallery, and the casts, including the Scammon collection, forwarded from Italy, were lost. There were about three hundred pictures in the gallery in all.

Mr. Altken, the Superintendent of the Opera House Art Gallery, fortunately had means of transportation at hand, and saved nearly every picture in the gallery, in addition to the fine collection in Mr. Crosby's private rooms.

A great force of men are at work clearing away the rubbish at the ruins of the Chamber of Commerce, and the first blows have been struck on the great Potter Palmer House. That splendid edifice is found to be wonderfully preserved in the foundation, and the work of rebuilding will not take a great time.

The Bigelow Hotel, one of the most complete and beautiful establishments in the country, and which was just completed before it was burnt, is also to go up again at once. The struggle seems to be who shall be first to open the great hotels to the swarms that are now visiting the city. Even the theatres are to go up at once, and a committee, headed by the veteran McVickar, is at work calculating the best places for sites.

We noticed General Sheridan seated at a small pine table in a room of a house on Wabash Avenue, formerly occupied by a club society. There was no furniture in the room other than three wooden chairs. The general had a map of the city, with the burnt district marked in black, before him, and was busily engaged in designating here and there on the map the posts where the sentinels should be placed for the night. Staff officers and orderlies were going to and fro, and orders were being issued every minute to this, that and the other officer, who had charge of certain sections of the city. Crowds of people were clamoring for admittance at the little gate leading to the house, every one of whom had some sorrow he wanted to impart to the general, and which he hoped the kind-hearted soldier might be able to relieve.

The supposed fire-proof vaults in the Custom House proved to be shams of the worst character. Collector McLean's vault, it seems, in the second story of the building, rested only upon two iron pillars built from the basement, with two iron girders of great strength and weight connected with the wall. A third girder connected the two pillars, forming a framework. A heavy fire-proof vault was built upon this

foundation, and proved to be about the weakest in the city to resist the fierceness of the fire. There were in the vault at the time of the fire \$1,500,000 in greenbacks, \$300,000 in national bank-notes, \$225,000 in gold, \$5,000 in silver, making a total of \$2,130,000, of which \$300,000 was in specie. During the fire the iron pillars melted, and the vault fell into the basement and yielded up its treasure to the insatiate appetite of the fire-fiend.

In order to illustrate the uselessness of the vault, it is only necessary to state that an old iron safe which contained \$35,000 and stood outside it, underwent the test, and after the fire, gave up its contents unharmed, while about \$1,800,000 which was in the vault was reduced to ashes. The specie was mostly found in fused masses, and search has resulted so far in the recovering of about five-sixths of the whole amount.

On digging out one of the Post-Office safes, the contents were found to be badly scorched. Three thousand five hundred dollars in money was recovered, and about \$80,000 worth of postage-stamps were in a condition to be returned for exchange, although not fit to be used. The cashier's day-book and ledger were found in a condition to be read, but the cash-book was destroyed. The United States District-Attorney at Chicago lost all his papers.

The Michigan Southern Railroad Dépôt was built of Athens marble, and regarded as one of the finest structures in this country of its kind. The building of the Chamber of Commerce, completed in 1865, at a cost of \$400,000, was also built of Athens marble, but in the Italian style of architecture.

With all the sad evidences of an immense mercantile loss before us, it was an impressive pleasure to turn the eye upon localities where

THE LABORS OF LOVE AND DUTY

were progressing. In the majority of cases these were managed, if not directed, by the ladies of the higher walks of society.

Bred to scenes of luxury, and seldom, if ever, experiencing a want of any necessity, these noble-hearted ladies prepared themselves for their benevolent work with a zest equalled only by the energy of many men starting anew the business machinery of the city.

Grace Church, on Wabash Avenue, is one of the few buildings left standing, and with a true Christian zeal the congregation turned it over to the Relief Committee for such uses as were deemed necessary. Here, under the able management of the Rev. Dr. Locke, were groups of ladies, delicately reared, acting as the almoners of the world's rich bounty. Most of the people who turned about the church had been fed quite exclusively, since the fire, on bread or crackers; the reception, therefore, of cooked meat, baked beans, and other plain condiments, was peculiarly acceptable. Porters were constantly entering, bearing in hats, aprons, pillowcases, baskets and barrels, supplies of food, which were deposited in convenient places for distribution. Generally the applicants represented families or groups of friends, and though they solicited heavy supplies, there was, thanks to the benevolence of sister cities, a goodly portion for each.

This latter class hastened away to the temporary lodgings, while others, who came for themselves, received their share, and walking quietly from the church, ate their food on the street.

There we saw Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Jews, Italians, and representatives of other nations, laboring men and women and children of all classes of life, now reduced by hunger and poverty to a common footing.

While this ceremony was attracting the attention of the unfortunate in the church proper, the spacious chapel was filled by day with another party of ladies, working into sandwiches the fresh bread and sweet ham that had been received. These ladies were principally Sabbath-school teachers and the daughters of leading citizens; but their fine round arms were bared to the work, and they shaved and sliced as if their very lives depended on their activity. In front of them filed a steady stream of little children, with empty stomachs and ragged clothes, who in regular turn received a hearty meal. These soon after were disporting themselves amid the adjacent ruins.

In the evening, however, we witnessed spectacles in the chapel of the church which seemed more touching than those of the day. As the sun went down, and the air grew chilly, little squads of men and women, leading by the hand or bearing on the arm babes and children, marched timidly to the porch, and asked permission to lie down during the night. Many of the benches had been removed, and on the bare portion cushions were stretched, and the careworn visitors invited to make themselves as comfortable as possible. Here, during hours that appeared lengthened beyond measure, these distressed people endeavored to catch a few moments of repose. Some that had been vainly seeking shelter for many days, slumbered heavily; others groaned and started as delirious dreams grew in their brain; while here and there babes uttered shrill cries for nourishment and the sleep that came tardily to them. At all hours of the night pilgrims approached this Mecca, and by the time the sun glanced through the windows, one would have made slow progress in passing about the chapel.

The Relief Committee are feeding 75,000 people a day. They calculate that it will cost a million dollars every twenty days to do it. But as the system becomes better established, they will be able to discriminate more closely than they can do now between genuine distress and imposture. They have been dealing out rations to Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois, the leaders of the Chicago Bar, and Chicago bankers; but it is to be hoped this is transient. They will be able, too, to reduce waste to a minimum. Their resources are chiefly the gifts which have come to them. Passing along on our dreary tour, we came to

THE CARAVANSERA ON THE LAKE.

near Lincoln Park—the Jones's Woods of Chicago. It was to this point that an immense concourse of panic-stricken citizens fled, during that awful Sunday night. Accessions were made from hour to hour, until at one time there were probably thirty thousand people scattered along this margin of Lake Michigan.

After the terrific excitement had somewhat subsided, or, to speak more definitely, on Wednesday afternoon, the husbands, fathers and sons of the great congregation of families began collecting boards, planks, old doors, packing-boxes, and other articles available for the construction of temporary shelters. It was thought most prudent to prepare accommodations here for several days, so that while the men were prospecting about the city for better lodgings, their families would be guaranteed some protection from the night-air and rain.

A purveying squad was appointed, the members receiving from the Relief Committee food and blankets for the destitute community, and by Thursday evening the locality presented a very singular appearance. Fires were kept burning to furnish warm drink and make the scanty supply of blankets do a large service. The women wrapped their few articles of clothing tightly about their shivering forms, and the children roamed over that portion of the city, gathering fuel, and any wearing material that had been thrown away or dropped in the fearful stampede. Occasionally we stumbled over little heaps of furniture and household treasures that had been borne away. Touching as it is, in individual cases, and awful as it is in its immensity, there is yet the consolation of seeing that the distress there might be worse, and that the actual suffering has been almost wholly prevented.

Leaving this motley company, we pressed on until we came to the scene of the most dramatic spectacle of the fire, and viewed again the sufferings of the

FAMILIES SHUT UP IN THE TUNNEL.

of La Salle Street. It was about two o'clock on Monday morning when this strange hegra began, and in ten minutes it became a furious rout. The bridges on both sides were on fire, and the flames were writhing over the decks of the brigs in the river, and winding their fierce arms of flame around the masts and through the rigging like a monstrous, luminous devil-fish. The awful canopy of fire drew down and closed over Water Street, as the shrieking multitude rushed for the tunnel—the only avenue of escape. The gas-works had already blown up, and there was no light in any house save the illumination, which flamed up only to destroy. But into the darkened cave rushed pell-mell, from all directions, the frenzied crowd—bankers, thieves, draymen, wives, children—in every stage of undress, as they had leaped from burning lodgings, a howling, imploring, cursing, praying, writhing mob, making their desperate dive under the river. It was as dark in the tunnel as it is in the centre of the earth. Hundreds of the fugitives were laden with furniture, household goods, utensils, loaves of bread and pieces of meat, and their rush through the almost suffocating tunnel was fearful in the extreme. They knocked each other down, and the strong trod on the helpless. Nothing was heard at the mouth of the cavernous prison but a muffled howl of rage and anguish. Several came forth with broken limbs and terrible bruises, as they scattered and resumed their flight under the blazing sky to the North Ward.

Special relief stations have been established in the churches spared from the flames, and at the Lincoln School on Fullerton Avenue. Articles of food, clothing and other necessities, on being removed from the cars at the dépot, are checked off in suitable quantities, and forwarded as fast as required to these stations for distribution. While as a general rule the claims of all classes were received at the churches, we noticed several temporary dépôts for supplying ladies and little children with dresses, skirts, shawls, stockings, shoes, and other portions of attire.

Gangs of men are seen in the principal business streets digging out the safes from the débris in which they were buried, and family clusters gathered about their ruins in search of marks by which they could identify the sepulchres of property too valuable to be taken through a frenzied crowd.

Important action has been taken in the appointment of a committee to devise some means to save the grain in the destroyed elevators. Grain in large masses burns very slowly, and ever since the great fire the grain in the five destroyed elevators has been burning at the rate of \$10,000 worth per day, without any steps having been taken to stop the fire. Probably the action by the committees will save a large part of this grain, as much of the 1,500,000 bushels in these elevators is yet left unburned. No one can so far make a reliable estimate of what will be saved, as it is not yet certain when the fires will be extinguished, but it is thought about 100,000 bushels can be secured in a tolerably good condition.

For the information of families, bulletins-boards have been set up in prominent places, on which

PERSONAL LOSSES AND GAINS

are announced. In addition to these, the *Tribune*, the last paper to give up, as well as the first to reappear, is full of similar advertisements.

On one board we deciphered the following intelligence, which suggested the most poignant domestic grief:

Henry Schneider, baby, in blue Poland waist, red skirt, has white hair, is missing. Inform Thomas Henninghauser, at Centenary Church.

Mrs. Bush is at 40 Arnold Street. She has lost her baby.

Peter Grace, lost wife and children; Church, Carpenter and Washington Streets.

Mrs. Tinney, lost little girl, Katie, six years old; Harrison House.

James Glass, lost little boy, Arthur Glass; 347 Hubbard Street.

A little girl, cannot speak her name, is receiving kindness at Desplaines Hotel, 123 West Lake Street.

The wife and child of the Rev. W. A. Jones are missing.

Some of the announcements read as if written in the utmost haste, and have quite a smack of the ludicrous about them.

A firm of painters on Madison Street bulletin their removal as follows, on a sign-board erected like a guide upon the ruins of their old establishment:

MOORE & GOE,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS.
Removed to 111 Desplaines St.,
Capital, \$600,000.30.

PERSONAL.—Any one returning contents of large trunk, also small sole leather trunk and contents, and oil paintings left in carriage on lake shore, last Monday, will be paid well and no questions asked. Address, J. D. H.

FOUND.—A cow. The owner can have the same by calling at —, proving property, and paying for hay and oats that she's eat.

LOST.—Monday, on corner of Clark and Harrison Streets, a basket of German and Hebrew books, ladies' and gentlemen's clothing, silk and wool dresses; also furniture and household goods and knives for the slayer; also an album. Information where the above can be found can be left at —.

TWO BAGS OF LACES, belonging to J. B. S., delivered to a gent in buggy, on night of the fire, and other articles in possession of any one, will please be left at the present office of J. B. S. immediately.

FOUND.—Amongst my furniture, a lot of goods, comprising chairs, clock, carpets, bedding, pictures, etc. Any one proving the same can have the goods. I was burnt out on Sunday night, on the corner of Harrison and Clinton Streets.

WANTED.—Information of Samuel Shoyer, or any member of his family, is earnestly requested by A. H. A.

\$50 REWARD.—Taken from yard 230 Townsend Street, during the fire, two Saratoga Trunks, containing clothing, and marked N.E.S. & F.B.S. Ends of Trunks marked F.B.I. Information left with W. N. & Co. Will the gentleman at 232 Townsend Street, who put ladies' furniture in his cellar, send address?

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT," "THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—MAUD FOLDS HER WEDDING-DRESS.

"It's an awful dream." Sir Edward repeated these words vaguely twice, still holding the paper in his shaking hand. Maud clinging to him in a paroxysm of bewildered horror.

"Ted! darling! there can be nothing in it," she whispered, presently.

"There can be no truth in the accusation; the awfulness of it is that it should have been made at all," he rejoined. "Let us see if we can find any further particulars."

They searched the other columns in vain. The bare fact contained in that one little paragraph was all that was known as yet by the reporters. So much was evident.

"The night before last!" Sir Edward exclaimed, abruptly, as he turned back to a re-perusal of the fatal words; "that was the very evening I saw her last."

Maud shivered. "Where did you see her, Ted—in her own house?"

"No," he muttered. "I wish with all my heart that I had insisted on its being in her own house, instead of weakly permitting her to have her own way about it and meet me in the fields!"

"Did you do that, Ted?"

"I did; and appearances will be against her, through me," he groaned. "When she left me that evening, she was immediately joined by her husband. Maud, I must go off at once, my darling, and do my best to clear away some of this frightful mystery."

"Yes," Maud said, bravely, "you must stand openly by Gertrude now. Take my dear love to her, Ted."

She stopped, crying a little and trembling a great deal. It was hard for the girl to speed her lover on such an errand as this, when, in the order of things, they should have been married in two more days. It was desperately hard. Especially as, if he had asked her, she would have married him at once, and gone as his wife to try and comfort his cousin.

"This falls cruelly on us all, my darling; mystified and bewildered as I am at present, I dare not make any plans for our future; if— heaven help us—if there is any foundation for this most awful charge, our name will be one that I shall not dare to ask you to bear—"

A sharp cry from Maud interrupted him. She took her hands from his arm and clasped them in front of her, fixing her earnest blue eyes steadily on him the while. That cry was her first and last appeal against his decision. She could not check the thought that his old love for Gertrude was springing up again in spite of all.

He put his arm out to draw her back to him, but she gently resisted. "My sweet," he said, passionately, "if this crushing blow falls on us, it shall not fall on you. Maud Mohan shall not be the mother of a race whose name has been dishonored; pray that, when I come back, all may be clear."

"I will, dear Ted," she said, simply; and her voice was so firm, that he little knew how her heart ached.

"She does not love me as I love her," he thought, illogically. "The prospect of being compelled to give her up, is as sharp a pang to me as the other."

In saying which he was not quite veracious. For Gertry's situation was infinitely more terrible to him than was the idea of honor compelling him to renounce Maud Mohan.

He soon went away, for he was naturally eager to get down to learn the worst that was to be learnt. And when he was gone, the girl who was to have been his bride in two days went to her room, where satins and laces and rich draperies of all sorts were scattered about in bewitching profusion. Quietly, very quietly, she folded up the long-trained pearly satin, with its tunic and veil of Honiton lace. It was the dress, the dress of dresses, the bridal robe, and she had a conviction that she would never want it now. Then she braced herself up to the performance of an even more difficult task—the telling it to her uncle.

With a step that had lost a good deal of its elasticity even in this short space of time, Maud Mohan went to her uncle's study. She found him just come in from his club, sitting down to rest himself a little before dinner.

A tall, cynical-looking man of about sixty. A man full of crotchets, which kept people from the discovery of his higher qualities. But a kind uncle to Maud, in spite of her dread of his laughing at her. That dread was banished now, though, by another far more painful one.

"I am come to tell you something very—"

She paused for a word, and he looked up strangely at her.

"You've been crying, Maud. Is anything wrong?"

"Yes, something awfully wrong," she gasped out, sitting on the arm of his chair, and flinging herself on his shoulder.

"Sir Edward Maskelyne has been here? Anything wrong with him?"

He asked it sternly.

"No—at least—yes. Ted came in, and, oh! we were so happy; and while he was here, I took up the paper, and we read that his cousin Gertrude is arrested for the murder of her husband."

"My poor child! my poor Maud! But" (here he lifted his head and looked steadily into her eyes) "you'll stick to him, I hope, Maud! You're not one of the girls who drift from a fellow when he's under a cloud."

She hesitated; what could she say, fearing as she did that Edward would not let her "stick to him."

"He has a high sense of honor, uncle," she said, sadly. "I can't tell how things will be. At any rate, there can be no marriage until this affair is over; and so I've come to ask you to put a stop to all the preparations."

"Everything shall be as you wish, my child," he said, mournfully. Then he added to himself: "I wish with all my heart she had never heard of the Maskelynes!"

The next day, she was sitting in her room, wondering, so sadly, so hopelessly, about how things were going on at Albridge, wringing her heart by picturing beautiful Gertrude in a criminal cell, when Lady Maskelyne swept into the room like a whirlwind.

"My dear child! my own Maud! why were you idiotic enough to let Edward go down?" she began, breathlessly. "It's altogether wrong and ridiculous and wicked—and I have told him so—to stop the marriage on account of this dreadful affair."

But, dear, it was only right he should go," Maud expostulated.

"Right! It was nothing of the kind," Lady Maskelyne said, sinking down into a chair. "It's altogether wrong. I felt, from the first, that misery would come of that absurd attempt at intimacy with the Maskelynes, who are half Olivers; and now misery has come of it. Here is Edward mixed up in this murder business—"

"What do you mean?" Maud gasped out.

"Why, he was seen talking to the vile, wretched girl, the very day, only an hour or two before her husband died; and though, of course, we know how perfectly innocent he is, there are all sorts of reports and surmises about it."

"Don't call Gertrude vile," Maud faltered. "You can't think her guilty, poor thing, and—remember how Ted loves her." And with this argument she broke down altogether, and cried very grievously.

"I don't know what to think," Lady Maskelyne said, piteously. "It's an awful thing for her father and the name. I did pity him profoundly yesterday, when he came to me, a blanched, bent, brokenhearted-looking man, to tell me that Edward must come down, as he would be wanted as a witness."

"A witness! Has it come to that already?" Maud moaned.

And then Lady Maskelyne told her that an inquest had been held on the body of poor Guy Oliver, and the verdict of "wilful murder" returned against Gertrude, his wife.

"It's too dreadful! It's too dreadful!" Maud shuddered at the words, thinking, as she said them, of that night when she had seen Gertrude playing croquet, when she was bright, beautiful and happy. "It's too dreadful! Was there ever anything so awful heard of before?"

Another weary-hearted woman was asking herself almost the same question in her cell in Trevorton jail. Poor, frightened Gertrude! Who that had known her a month before would have recognized her now, as she sat stupefied by the horror of it all.

In her terror, when she first found that she was not only suspected, but accused, of having caused Guy's death, she had been very incoherent. She forgot when and where Guy had given her the bag of poison. She failed to remember the words he had used, and, in an agony of bitterness, she could only cry out, "Let me live the last month over again; let me die at once; help me!"

She was in such utter despair, poor girl! The horror of his death, and the surprise of

being accused of it, had upset the just balance of her mind.

How they mourned over her! The father, who had grown gray and old all at once; and the bonny, blooming mother, who had withered, as it were; and the sister, who idolized her. How they clung to her, and pitied her, and told her, over and over again, that they knew she was innocent, and that every one would know it soon. And she listened, as to voices in a dream, and grew more dazed each day.

She had ceased to take count of hours by the time her cousin Edward came. He arrived just as the officers of justice came to take her away, and it nearly killed him—the sight of his old love in this plight. He went up to her, as her father was almost carrying her out to the carriage. Can there be anything more horrible than this: innocence treated with all the ceremony of guilt?

"I am here, darling," he whispered, looking with such pain as he had never felt before, on the worn, wild, young face.

A choking, bursting sob answered him, and he thought her eyes said, "Can you save me?"

"Yes, darling, yes," he said, answering the look; "this will soon be all over; be brave, Gertry—we all love you so. Uncle, let me help her in." But the father could not relinquish his child while the law let him hold her.

What wails of agony resounded through the house as the carriage drove away! The Olivers, repentant of the dread thought that they had worded first, were scarcely to be less pitied than the Maskelynes. Sir Edward was the only one capable of being coherent, and to him his aunt came for support.

"Edward! tell me over and over again that you know my girl did not do this thing."

"I would stake my life on her being innocent of it, aunt."

"Tell me all you know; oh! Edward, prove her innocence; you can do it; can you do it? The charge will kill her."

Then he told the poor hopeless mother the weary story of how he had met her, and how he had seen her husband join her when they parted, until reason reeled, and poor Mrs. Maskelyne lifted up her voice, and wept and moaned for the hopelessness of it all.

At last—women do rush to these terrible extremities of speech when strong men shrink from facing them—she took her trembling hands down from her tear-stained face, and said:

"Edward! will they hang her?"

"Aunt—aunt—aunt!" It broke him down so utterly, this wording of the worst end that might come, that he could not get out a word more than that calling her "aunt." And she thought that he would not say more because he was hopeless himself.

"Oh! my child! my child!" she cried; "why did God give you to me for this? My daughter! oh! my daughter!"

Day after day Edward Maskelyne visited his cousin—saying little to her, but bringing something like an atmosphere of safety in with him. Gertrude clung to them all, speechlessly but strongly. She would crouch down like a frightened child, and bury her head and shut her eyes, and whisper a prayer "not to be left," in a way that nearly broke their hearts.

One day it was time to instruct the eminent counsel whom Sir Edward had engaged to defend her, and her cousin cautiously approached the subject.

"Can you speak to me about something, my darling?" he said, tenderly. "Can you tell me where you got that poison from, or what you got it for?"

She shook her head.

"Gertry, Gertry! you must, for my sake."

"For your sake?"

"Yes," he said, earnestly, seeing that that appeal would rouse her more effectually than another. "Yes, you must, my dearest; you must be cleared soon, and you must help to clear yourself; recollect when and where you got it, Gertry. You said once that Guy gave it to you; tell all the circumstances, or it may be thought that I gave it to you."

"Why should that be thought?" she asked, lifting her head up and looking at him. Then she remembered that he had loved her, and that the world might supply a reason from that fact. A burning blush crossed her face, and she rose up, saying:

"I will rouse myself; what will be done to me if I am not believed, Edward?"

But he could not tell her that.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF HEAVEN.

"Gi, has Bertha gone down?"

"Yes, Miss Elsie; she's wearing her white *crêpe*, and talking with Mr. Saverne."

There was a malicious sparkle in the black eyes of the maid, which Miss Elsie De Grey discovered in the mirror, she turned around in her chair, and slapped her soundly.

"I'll teach you to laugh when I am talking to you—impudent thing! Now finish my hair—quick!"

Gi suikied—Miss De Grey threatened. But the black curls were at last arranged. Elsie rose and shook out her ribbons.

"Go, and get mamma!" she commanded.

Gi went away, muttering.

Pretty soon the door opened—Mrs. Debaney entered. She was large, mild, limp, and wore magnificent diamonds.

"Gi says you are ready, Elsie."

"Yes, at last, thank heaven! Saverne of Redwood has come, and Bertha is talking to him!"

"Well?" languidly.

"Well?" indignantly. "As if you did not know, mamma, that Saverne is the best catch here this Summer! You do know how perfectly angelic Bertha looks in that white *crêpe*, and she has got it on to-night!"

Mrs. Debaney heard this report of her stepdaughter with incomparable serenity—as she would have heard, probably, the failure of Mr.

Debaney, or the elopement of her own daughter. Mrs. Debaney's digestion was never in her life impaired by excitement. She had married Mr. Debaney, making a second marriage, to please Elsie, as she would have done anything else required of her by an energetic person, if not too much trouble.

"Gi is getting so lazy and impudent as to be intolerable," said Elsie, taking up her fan.

"You scold her too much," answered her mother.

"I am worried. If I had known that Bertha Debaney was going to turn out so handsome, I never would have asked you to marry her father, and have entered the list with her as elder sister. I look ten years older beside her."

"I am sure, Elsie, you are very handsome."

Elsie gave one dissatisfied glance at herself in the mirror, and swept from the room—her mother following.

Bertha was dancing with Saverne of Redwood, as they entered the ball. Her father was watching her with a father's delight. She was the prettiest girl in the room. It was not only the white *crêpe* that made her angelic; it was the evident purity and sweetness of her nature.

"So you have taken Redwood for the season, Mr. Saverne?" said Bertha, as they paused in the figure.

The two had met in the city.

"Yes; I preferred having a roof and no-tree of my own at Newport, this Summer. And I have my boat and horse down here, also. You have seen Zuleika, Miss Debaney?"

"Yes; your horse is incomparable, Mr. Saverne."

"Do you think so?" quickly. "Then, perhaps, you will do me the honor to ride her, some day."

So much of their conversation Elsie heard—ordinary seaside conversation, to be sure; but looks were eloquent. Then the dance swept them beyond her.

Miss De Grey loved Miss De Grey, and no one else in the wide world. She was ambitious for Miss De Grey. So she affected to be chatting with young Lee, and watched Saverne and her stepdaughter, clenching her jeweled hand until the sharp nails cut into the palm. And she was not the only one who observed, that evening, Saverne's devotion to Bertha.

Bertha Debaney felt it in the depths of her innocent heart. It was not Saverne's position and wealth which she considered; it was the charming courtesy of his manner, and—she was very young—his handsome eyes. But a happier young heart never dreamed that night, than was hers.

She had reason to be happy—he loved her. And wealth and fashion had not spoiled Conrad Saverne. He was a pure and manly fellow. Before the season was over, they were engaged. They were to be married soon after their return to New York.

In September, they left Newport—reached home.

The cholera season had commenced in New York. Mr. Debaney was not easily frightened, and the cases had been very rare for the first month. But, in September they increased fast. The epidemic reached his household—two servants were seized—one died. Then a guest sickened, but recovered. They were about to flee from the surrounding danger, when Bertha languished. The one thing which disturbed Mrs. Debaney was thought of death. She would not stay in New York another hour. The anguished father wrung his hands—for the servants deserted also—and frantically and vainly sought for help. The city was fast depopulating; those obliged to remain shrank from coming in contact with the sufferers. Bertha sank very fast. But to every one's astonishment, Elsie remained by her side.

For the first time in his life, Mr. Debaney felt a thrill of affection for his stepdaughter. Yes, Elsie remained and devoted herself to Bertha.

"God bless you, Elsie!" he cried, wringing her hands.

Elsie was resolute, but her face was very pale. For three nights she did not sleep at all. It was on the third night that the father succumbed to exhaustion, and fell into a heavy slumber upon the library-lounge. Elsie was alone in the sick-room. The shadows flickered over Bertha's unconscious face. Elsie watched it, then rose, and kneeling by the shaded gas-jet, re-read, for the third time, a note she had received that morning:

"I am in an agony of suspense, dear Elsie, and yet my aching heart warms to your kindness. I get your notes almost every hour, giving me information of Bertha's condition. Heaven reward your nobleness! I cannot express my gratitude. If she lives, you will have saved her life. To-night the crisis comes. I sicken at the thought. God uphold you in your vigils. If she is better, let me know very, very early!"

CONRAD SAVERNE.

These words, written out of the depths of the lover's heart, Elsie scanned with eager eyes. "He calls me dear," she murmured. "If Bertha dies, I shall have a hold on him, for he does love her. He will confide in me—we shall sympathize together—he will transfer his affection to me. It is a dangerous undertaking—but, so far, all is well."

She rose, moved the shade aside, so that the light fell on Bertha's face. The eyes were closed and runken—the pale cheek hollow—the small, clasped hands cold and colorless as wax.

"Yes, she will die," muttered Elsie. "She will never be warm again."

But after a moment she bent closer. A faint flush had come upon Bertha's face. Her trance-like state had given way to healthy sleep. Yes, the sick girl was slumbering back to health. Elsie's heart beat furiously as she saw it.

"Have I exposed myself, and suffered, for nothing?" she cried, under her breath.

The rose-bloom deepened on Bertha's cheek; she had never looked more lovely.

Elsie's guilty hand trembled as it stole to a bottle upon the table. She held the purple contents up to the light—then turned out a portion into a spoon. Lifting Bertha's head upon her arm, she turned the fluid between her lips. The sick girl moaned as she laid her down again.

And Elsie watched, and saw death come back to that young face. Called help, at last, in the gray, early dawn, and they pronounced her dead.

The few friends who came to the funeral pronounced Miss De Grey's behavior exemplary. With her own hands she laid the lilies among her stepdaughter's wealth of sunny hair. She had rendered the pallid sleeper beautiful to look upon.

"She is lovelier in death than she was in life!" groaned Saverne.

The October sunshine danced into the carriages on their way to Greenwood. But the way was long. The air grew dense and sultry. At the cemetery gates the thunder rolled, portending a storm. The unhappy company felt a faint sense of dismay. But the coffin was borne to the grave.

Suddenly a flash of lightning struck them all blind and gasping. Then, as the lightning faded, and the thunder rolled, they groaned and shrieked. The coffin had been shivered to atoms.

In the awkwardness and confusion of the situation, the heavy rain beat full upon the face of the dead girl. In full sight of all, she rose and lifted her arms to be rescued.

Robed in warm wrappings, Bertha Debaney was borne back to her home in the arms of her father. Danger had passed for her. Out of heaven had come the stroke which restored her to health and love. And in the happiness awaiting her, she never guessed her sister's treachery.

TUNGUSIAN MATRIMONIALS.—The custom of buying and selling wives, according to the Tungusian custom, is a better institution than would appear at first sight. It is designed to prevent young men from marrying before they are able to support their wives as the parents think her station demands; besides, if the suitor is objectionable, it is so very simple to prevent the match by demanding a price beyond the means of the disconsolate lover. Upon the day of marriage it is customary for the parents to present the bride with an equal number of deer as was paid for her, together with a good tent made of deerskins, and all the necessary household utensils for a good start in life; so that in reality nothing is lost to the husband by the purchase other than a transfer of his chattels to his wife. Daughters are valued according to the wealth and standing of their parents.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A MATINEE for Chicago was given at Niblo's on the 17th, the principal volunteer attractions being Miss Emma Howson, Mr. Henri Drayton, Mr. Arthur Matthison, and Mr. Dan Bryant.

MR. BANDMANN, the eminent tragedian and accomplished gentleman, sent a check to Chicago for \$2,379—the handsome result of his performance in "Ein Glas Wasser," at the Stadt Theatre.

A GRAND audience was gathered at Booth's, last Thursday, to see Edwin Booth and Miss Cushman as *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth*, and the sum of \$5,400 was realized for the Chicago sufferers.

MR. TOM KARL, of the Parepa-Rosa Troupe, is winning golden opinions with his delightful voice and capital Italian School of singing, and his performance of *Gennaro*, in "Lucrezia Borgia," has been much admired by the New York cognoscenti.

CHARLES MATHEWS has been ably hawking at Wallack's during the last week, and has won heavily on his "Game of Speculation," certainly presenting the most "Curious Case" on the stage of eternal sprightliness and everlasting bloom of youth.

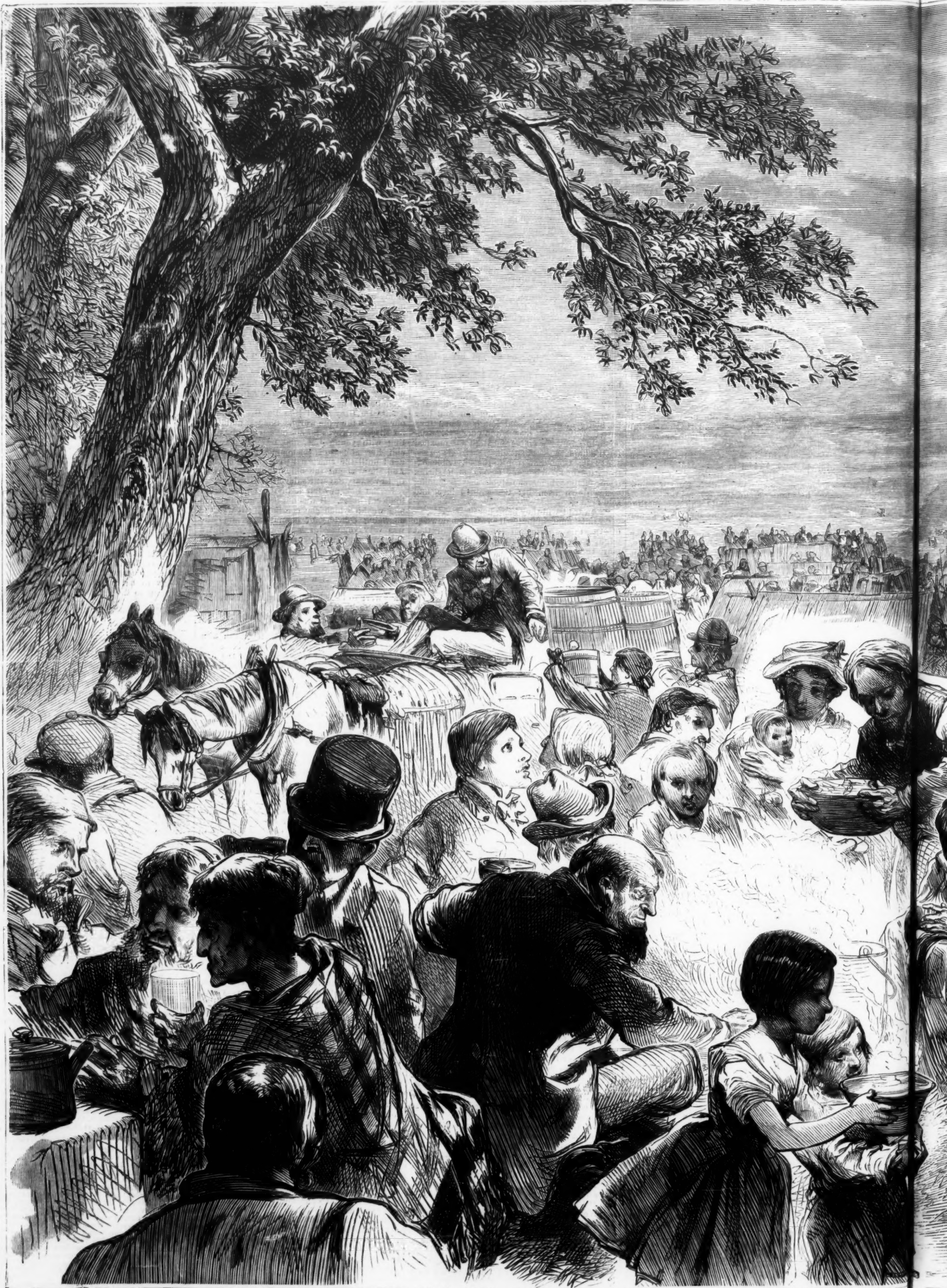
OPERA and Vaudeville are being given at the St. James's Theatre, Twenty-eighth Street, with Miss Susan Gaiton as the principal exponent. There are very many charming little pieces in this category, and we heartily wish Mr. McDonough, the manager, every success in his experiment.

MR. SOTHERN has at once leapt into popular favor, and taken the lofty position here he fills in England, tumultuous applause, boundless laughter, irrepressible enthusiasm and countless greenbacks pleasantly signaling his triumphant career at Niblo's lucky, handsome, and well-managed theatre.

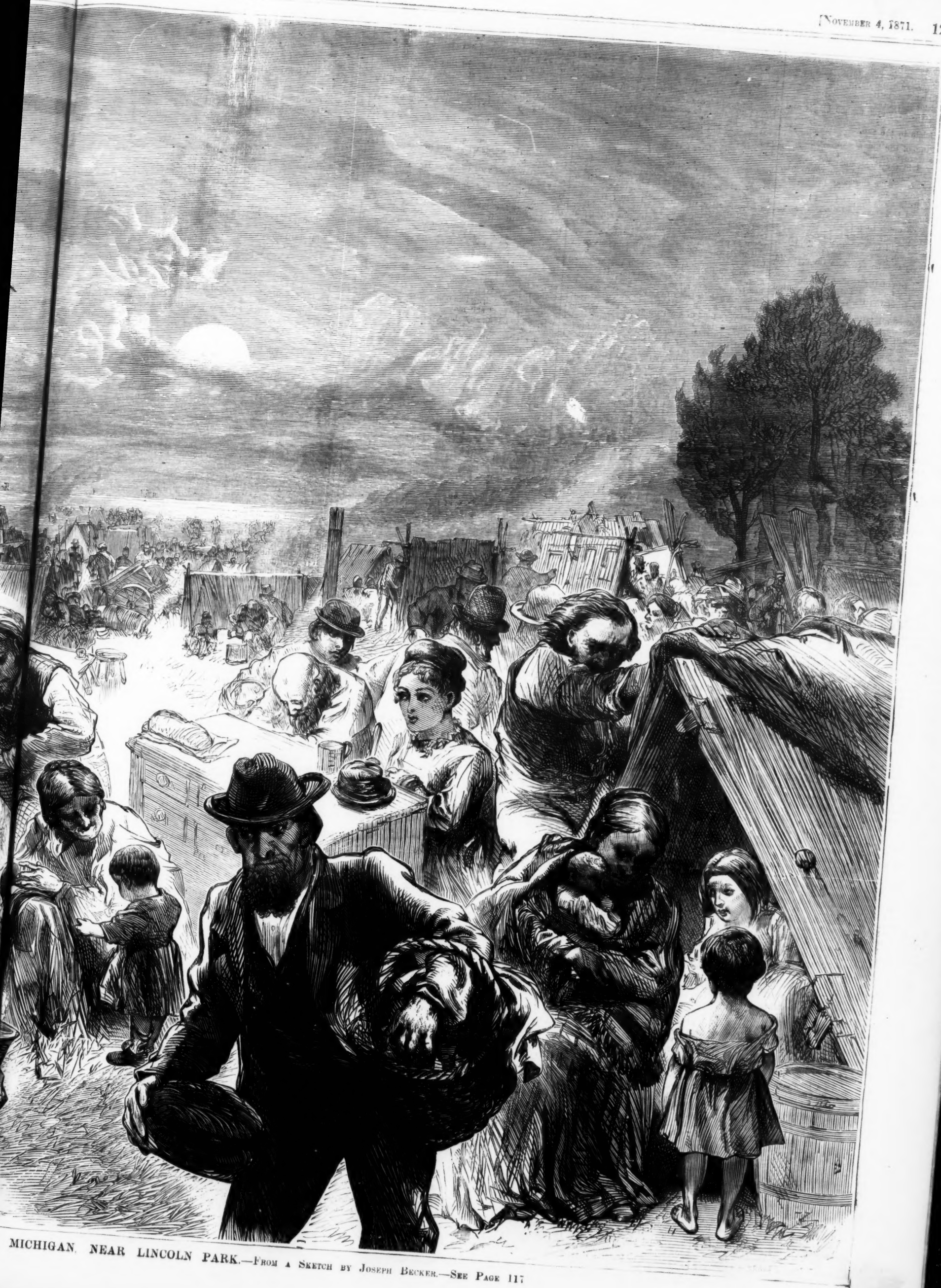
MRS. MOULTON, the pet singing-bird of society, has given three concerts at Steinway Hall during the past week, all of which have been attended by the elect, who signified their delight by avalanches of flowers. Mrs. Moulton is a charming lady, and sings beautifully, but she is not at present a *prima donna*, *di cartellone*, as the Italians say. She has, however, ample material, and a discipline of three months' public appearances may strengthen her drawing-room tones, broaden her amateur phrasing, and make her one.

THERE is no foundation for the report that Santley, the great baritone, will appear with Madame Parepa-Rosa, either in oratorio or opera. He will soon be heard in the former at Steinway Hall, and probably, later on, in the latter at the Academy, so great is the general desire to hear him in this attractive branch of his profession. His *prima donna*, however, is concealed behind the misty veil of the future. He and his troupe sang their last, for the present, in New York on the 19th, and have now departed on their country expedition, to merit, and, we are sure, win, golden opinions from all sorts of people.

WHEELER of the *World* characterizes Wachtel as a "voice" all voice, and says he would fill the empyrean itself were the roof of the Stadt Theatre lifted to give him breathing space; and further remarks of him, in a most brilliant article: "Fancy a sinewy Teuton, with the mercurial temperament of a Frenchman, and the elasticity of an Italian, and you have the man! He is like a steam-whistle of the gods." Imagine the clarion-toned Parepa, the son of sound, Wachtel, the lusty baritone Lawrence, and the superb chorus and orchestra of the Rosa Troupe, all united in Verdi's resounding "Trovatore." This thunderous combination took place at the Academy last Saturday, and that vast building was shaken to its uttermost and undermost foundation, its altitudinal skylight and its remotest cobweb. Never was heard such a melodious and harmonious clamor! and had Spohr heard it—he probably did, by-the-by, in the other world—we should have a new "Power of Sound" symphony from his electrified pen!



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—THE HOMELESS CITIZENS IN CAMP ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.



MICHIGAN, NEAR LINCOLN PARK.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 117

HOW IT HAPPENED.

I PRAY you, pardon me, Elsie,
And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely face
As a thunder-cloud the day.
I really could not help it—
Before I thought, 'twas done—
And those great gray eyes flashed bright and
cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the Summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay winds romped with your curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid
eyes,
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's sweet kisses and sighs and vows,
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In Memory's magic shrine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine.
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.

THE WHITE SPECTRE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

SYNOPSIS OF THE CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

THE mother of Madeline Ingestre died when she was quite an infant, and some months afterward her father, Wales Ingestre, married a Miss Fielding, who had been a governess. With all the foresight and cunning of a low nature, she sent the little Madeline to strangers afar off; and when sufficiently old, she was kept at a boarding-school in London. The object was, of course, to weaken, if not altogether destroy, any paternal affection he might feel for her. Owing to the machinations of her stepmother, she had never seen her home, Ingestre House, nor her father, since infancy, so that she had not even the faintest recollection of either. In this iniquitous plot, Mrs. Ingestre, the second wife of Wales Ingestre, was aided by Major Le Noir, who had been appointed, by means of the stepmother, the legal adviser of the Ingestre Estates, and who had been for some time domiciled in the family home. In consequence of a mysterious telegram Madeline received, announcing that her father was at the point of death, she suddenly appears in her native village, where she is as suddenly accosted by the sender of the mysterious telegram—an aged, gray-headed man—who tells her that his name is Walter Marston, and that he has watched over her from her infancy. He then points out to the young girl Ingestre House, and disappears.

On her way to her home, Madeline passes through the churchyard, and there finds the tombstone of her mother. She is awe-struck by a gaunt old woman suddenly starting up from the side of the grave; and, upon learning who the fair stranger is, she announces herself to be Betty, the dead Mrs. Ingestre's servant, and who is still retained in the family. She warns Madeline of the evil goings-on at her father's house, and denounces the stepmother, her daughter Alicia, and the major, all of whom she terms incarnate fiends. They then start for their home. On their way they are startled by the apparition of a tall woman clothed in white, which Betty tells her is the White Spectre.

On Madeline's arrival at the home of her childhood, she is met by her stepmother and the major, who prevent her seeing her father on the pretense that he is sleeping. They are utterly confounded at her coming, and eagerly demand how she knew her father was ill. She gives the name of Walter Marston, of whom they have no knowledge. The chapter ends with Mrs. Ingestre taking Madeline to the room of her half-sister, Alicia.

CHAPTER IV.—TREACHERY.

MRS. INGESTRE led the way along the passage. Madeline felt too weak and weary to offer any resistance, though she would much rather have remained where she was until her father was awake and ready to see her. But the idea of treachery in any shape never once entered her mind.

The passage was a long one. Mrs. Ingestre traversed it to the far end, giving a short, sharp rap on the last door. She entered the apartment without further ceremony, and Madeline followed her.

It was a spacious chamber, luxuriously furnished. A young lady lounged before the fire which the chilly May evening rendered necessary. She rose from her seat as they entered, and came forward.

This young lady was the exact counterpart of Mrs. Ingestre. There was the same tall, straight figure, blonde hair, blue eyes, and pink-and-white complexion; the same grace of movement; the same dazzling beauty and high-bred air. Even the thin lips and aquiline nose were reproduced, though, perhaps, a trifle less sharply.

"Is it you, mamma?" she said, with a lazy drawl.

"Yes, my dear. I have brought somebody to see you—your half-sister, Madeline."

Alicia Ingestre was betrayed into a genuine

start by this abrupt announcement. Her rosy lips shut tightly together. A lurid light flashed into her blue eyes. She stamped her foot involuntarily.

"She here?" came sharply from between her teeth.

"Hush!"—and Mrs. Ingestre made a warning gesture. "Madeline has not seen her papa yet. She will go to him when he awakes. Until then, she is to remain with you."

"Yes, mamma."

"She has but just arrived. I am going below to order some refreshments. You will try to make your sister feel perfectly at home."

There was a significance in Mrs. Ingestre's manner of speaking that Alicia seemed to understand, for she answered, with alacrity:

"Certainly. She ought not to feel herself an alien in this house."

Mrs. Ingestre went away, leaving the two young ladies together. They eyed each other somewhat distrustfully at first; but Alicia had taken her cue from her mother, and presently wheeled up a second armchair before the fire.

"Sit down," said she, making an effort to be friendly.

Madeline dropped wearily into the proffered seat. She was nearly ready to cry. It was disheartening, after all her insatiable longings for home and home faces, to be met in this manner. Her hope had been that she and Alicia would grow very fond of each other on becoming acquainted; but now, this seemed impossible. Half-sisters though they were, she felt an instinctive dislike for this handsome, high-bred girl, from the first glimpse she got of her face. It seemed very unlikely that she should ever care to make a confidant of her, or give her that place in her affections a sister ought to hold.

"I ought not to have come, perhaps," she said, deprecatingly; "I am not wanted here."

She felt Alicia's cold blue eyes upon her face, trying to read the very secrets of her soul, as it seemed. Moments passed before they were withdrawn.

"It is too late to think of that," the haughty beauty said, finally. "Here you are, and there's no help for it."

"I feel like an intruder."

Alicia's lip curled. "You could hardly have expected a very cordial welcome, knowing, as you must have known, what papa's wishes are concerning you. He is opposed, and always has been opposed, to your coming home."

"And why?" questioned Madeline, faintly.

"Humph! I do not know. He did not live happily with your mamma—that may be the reason. It would be better for some folks never to have been born."

At that, Madeline rose up in her chair.

"You mean me!" she cried out, excitedly. "Tell me, for I will know, why you speak of me in that way?"

"Be seated," said Alicia, indolently. "It is not for me to tell you why you are a burden to your relations. The story will come better from other lips than mine. But there is no reason why you should excite yourself."

Madeline resumed her seat, pale and trembling. Her mind utterly refused to grasp the covert insinuations her sister had thrown out. She was sure, though, that something terrible was meant.

Mrs. Ingestre entered the apartment shortly, followed by a servant bearing a tea-tray. A stand was drawn up to the fire, upon which the tray was deposited.

"You will feel better, my dear, when your fast is broken," the affable mistress of the house then said, addressing Madeline.

The poor girl made an effort to eat, though every mouthful she took seemed to choke her. Mrs. Ingestre stood by, watching her movements with an intenceness she took no pains to conceal.

"I shall insist on your taking a second cup of tea," she said. "You look exhausted, and really need it. I prepared it myself."

"It is very bitter," Madeline returned, making a wry face.

"Of course; I intended it should be strong. It will give you the courage to go through with an interview with your papa—that is, if you still insist upon seeing him to-night."

"I do."

"Very well; I will see if he is awake."

She left the room, but not before she had given Alicia a little triumphant nod.

Madeline leaned back in her chair, too listless for conversation. Now that she was so soon to see her father, she half sprang from the thought of meeting him. If he felt such an unconquerable repugnance toward her as Alicia had insinuated, the interview could not be a pleasant one. She was determined to see him, none the less.

Ten minutes or more went by. Her listlessness seemed to be on the increase. A lethargy crept over her, mastering her senses. She saw and heard things vaguely, like one in a dream.

Alicia came up to her presently, leaning over her chair. "You are very tired, Madeline," the blonde beauty said, quite kindly. "You had better lie down on my bed until mamma comes back."

Madeline shook her head, too stupid and drowsy to speak. A few more minutes went by. The fatal lethargy was wrapping her senses in a surer hold, every second; she even forgot to wonder what should have caused it, at last.

There was the sound of suppressed voices in the passage outside, presently. They were Mrs. Ingestre and Major Le Noir's. She heard her own name mentioned, ere long, and with that, roused herself to listen. For a brief space, the words came distinctly enough to her ear.

"How will you get rid of her?" Major Le Noir was asking.

"Bah!" came in Mrs. Ingestre's cool, steady voice. "When I have kept them apart so many years, and played the cards to suit myself, do you suppose my brain is not fertile enough to find means of keeping them apart still?"

"He may die to-night. Of course there will be a scene, and the whole house be in an

uproar. Madeline insists upon seeing him, and how are you to keep her away?"

There was a cruel laugh from Mrs. Ingestre.

"Madeline will not trouble us, for some time to come, at any rate. I have taken care of that. She has been drugged."

The listening girl heard that terrible word. Through all the deadly stupor that was stealing upon her, she heard and comprehended its meaning. She had a realizing sense of the treachery of which she had been made the victim.

She staggered to her feet. Alicia wheeled suddenly about, confronting her. Their glances met, and Alicia knew that the entrapped girl overheard the words which had been spoken in the passage.

Madeline took two or three tottering steps toward the door. "You have deceived me!" she cried, thickly but wildly.

Alicia glided in front of her again. This time, she threw her arms about her, holding her back with all the strength she possessed. Her fair face was like that of a beautiful fiend.

"You shall not go," she hissed between her teeth. "I'm not to be balked and beggared by you. You shall not see my father! I will throttle you first!"

Madeline felt the murderous hands plucking at her throat. She felt herself borne backward along the floor. She tried to cry out, but could not. The fatal drug had done its work too well.

"My father!" she managed to gasp, at last. "If you—have any mercy—let me—go to him!"

That beautiful face only gibbered at her. "No," cried Alicia, passionately. "You shall not. I hate you! You had no business to come here at this time. I wish you were dead! I am even tempted to kill you. You are helpless, and in my power."

"You—dare not!"

"Dare? Humph. There's nothing I wouldn't dare, sooner than have my life wrecked by you."

Madeline tried to think coherently, tried to free herself from the pitiless arms that held her like a vice. She made a terrible effort to throw off the lethargy that was fast stupefying her. She fought with it like one fighting for life itself. She writhed and struggled with a firm before her eyes and a roaring as of many waters in her ears. Vain, all in vain! Her hands dropped powerless, at last, and she stumbled and fell, with a faint, convulsive cry gurgling over her lips.

"Father!"

The word was but half-formed—a gasp rather than a word at all. But there was such an agony of fear and horror expressed in the inarticulate sound, that it rung in Alicia Ingestre's ears for many an hour afterward.

CHAPTER V.—WALLES INGESTRE'S SUSPICIONS.

THE time was twelve o'clock of the next morning. The scene was a luxuriously furnished chamber of Ingestre Place, in which lay Wales Ingestre, bolstered up in his bed.

His face was frightfully pale, with that peculiar whiteness which speaks so plainly of approaching dissolution. Mrs. Ingestre had confidently counted on his dying the night before (and she had very good reasons for the opinion she cherished). But he had lived to behold the light of another day in spite of her.

The physician was with him, a Dr. Rynd from Silverlea, Mr. Ingestre, who still clung tenaciously to life, had made up his mind to question this disciple of Esculapius.

"This is the eleventh day since I was taken ill," said he.

"Yes, the eleventh day," returned Dr. Rynd.

"I am wretchedly weak, as yet. Can you see no signs of amendment?"

The physician hesitated. "It would be very wrong to conceal the truth from you now, sir," he answered, finally. "You are dying."

The sufferer made an angry gesture.

"Stuff and nonsense!" he cried. "Dying! Humph. I'm worth a dozen dead men, yet!"

"I can but reiterate what I said. I would advise you to be prepared for the worst."

"Hush! A pretty physician you are, to croak to a man on his sick-bed. I must get well. I will get well!"

An eager look came into his fever-lit eyes. He had refused from the first to believe himself dangerously ill; he still refused.

"What is my disease?" he asked.

"A sort of apoplectic attack."

"A sort of apoplectic attack," mimicked the sick man, irascibly. "Why don't you speak more to the point? Is it apoplexy, or is it not?"

"Yes," replied the physician, reluctantly.

"To be frank, your case has puzzled me. I never had another like it. Some of the symptoms have been singular in the extreme. It is certainly of an apoplectic nature, however."

"Humph. You acknowledge that you do not understand my disease. That's another reason why I cannot agree with you in thinking it is likely to prove fatal."

"I wished to call in another physician of greater experience than myself," Dr. Rynd said, after a short pause. "But Mrs. Ingestre objected so strenuously, that I reluctantly conceded the point."

The sick man aroused himself with a start.

"My wife objected?"

"Yes. She was violently opposed to the move. She thought it would excite and alarm you so much, as to prove a positive injury."

"Ah!"

He fell back on his pillows after having uttered that single exclamation. A sudden change came over his face.

"Dr. Rynd," he cried out, sharply, after a moment's thinking, "will you answer me a direct question?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Come closer. Put your ear to my lips.

Do I show symptoms of having taken poison?"

These words were spoken in a guarded

whisper. The physician started violently. He drew back, becoming very pale.

"Good God! What put such a horrible thought into your head?"

"Answer me," persisted the sufferer. "I do not mean a common poison such as is known to every apothecary. But something subtle, secret, deadly. Something that does its work and leaves no trace. There are such poisons, and you know it quite as well as I do."

"Yes," admitted the physician. "But I cannot believe anything of the sort has been employed in your case. The idea is too terrible."

"A secret poison might account for the singular symptoms you have observed."

"I am well aware of that. But who would have any interest in taking your life? With such a suspicion in your mind, you must have fixed upon the guilty party. Who is he?"

Mr. Ingestre groaned.

"I'm an old fool, perhaps," he said, more quietly than he had spoken for several minutes. "I don't really believe I have been poisoned. But the thought has occurred to me more than once within the past three days. I have never breathed it until now, however. Fough! Let us dismiss the dismal subject. I'm going to get well, poison or no poison, and there's the end of it."

He made a ghastly attempt to laugh. Dr. Rynd stood by, grave and thoughtful. The subject once broached, he could not dismiss it so easily.

"Whom do you suspect of any wish to harm you?" he persisted.

The sick man hesitated. "I may as well be frank with you," he said, finally. "Major Le Noir is the villain, if anybody. I distrust the man. He has forced himself upon me as a sort of solicitor, being an old friend of my wife's. I have known him a great many years, and never knew much good of him. He is cunning, and secret as the grave. He likes Ingestre Place, and wouldn't have any objection to standing in my shoes, I'm thinking."

"Ah!"

Dr. Rynd was neither a clever nor a great man; but his patient's words had set him thinking. He moved away from the bed a few steps, to a stand where stood a number of vials and glasses. These he carefully inspected, one by one, tasting the contents of some.

Mr. Ingestre called to him, in an impatient tone, after a little: "Come back! I've something to say to you."

Dr. Rynd did not pay immediate attention to his words. He took a clean vial from his pocket, and poured into it a small quantity of tamarind-water from a half-filled glass on the stand. Then he restored the vial to his pocket.

"If anything has been tampered with, it must be the tamarind-water," he muttered. "I shall have this analyzed, for my own satisfaction, if for no other reason."

Having thus fortified himself against future contingencies, he drew nearer the bed. "I am ready to listen to you now, sir."

"In the absence of a better, I am going to make a confidant of you, in some sort," said Mr. Ingestre. "It is of my daughter Madeline that I wish to speak."

Dr. Rynd looked surprised.

"Of Madeline!" he repeated. "Have you any other daughter save Miss Alicia?"

"Yes, the child of my first wife," speaking with an effort. "She has been shamefully neglected. I have not seen her since she was a mere babe, and now she is a young lady. My neighbors have forgotten her very existence, and no wonder. My present wife could not bear to have her brought home as a rival to her own child, and I have very foolishly listened to her wishes."

"So I should think," said Dr. Rynd, dryly.

"Very foolishly."

"Of late my eyes have been opened to the unnatural conduct of which I have been guilty. To make amends, in some sort, I had a will drawn up, the week before last, in which Madeline is named as my heiress, while my wife and Alicia are only left twenty thousand each. This seemed but tardy justice, since it was through Madeline's mother I acquired most of my wealth."

"Who drew up the will? Not Major Le Noir?"

"No. I have no confidence in the man, as I told you. He knows nothing of it. Lawyer Green drew it up. I have hidden it where Major Le Noir will never think of looking for it."

"Is it in this house?"

"It is in this house."

After a moment's thinking, Dr. Rynd turned to ask a question.

"Why don't you send for Miss Madeline?"

"I have sent for her repeatedly since I was first taken ill. My wife has written two or three very appealing letters; but she refuses to come. Naturally enough, she cannot forgive me for having neglected her so long."

"Strange! She ought to overlook everything, now that you are on your death-bed."

"Pshaw!" and Mr. Ingestre raised himself half angrily. "I tell you, I am not dying. I won't die! I will live to go to Madeline, and ask her, on my knees, to forgive the injustice and cruelty of which I have been guilty."

He fell back, exhausted. The outbreak had been too much for him.

"If anything should happen," he added, more quickly, and gasping for breath—"if anything should happen, go to Madeline, and say to her what I have said to you—how I came to see matters in their true light at last, and how much I longed to see her before I died. Here is her address."

He gave Dr. Rynd a crumpled strip of paper, on which were scrawled a few words in pencil. "I found a pencil on the stand yesterday, and wrote that when nobody was in the room. You will go to her?"

"Yes, yes."

"That is all I wished to say. I know you are to be depended upon. Of course I shall

get well and bring home my child myself. But it was better to let somebody know what my wishes were."

There was some further conversation, after which Dr. Rynd took his departure. His first act, on reaching his office in the village, was to subject the tamarind-water he had brought away in the vial to a careful analysis. No foreign ingredients were to be detected in it—nothing in the least suspicious.

"The poor man was mistaken about the poison," he thought, and so dismissed the subject from his mind.

Mrs. Ingestre was on the watch, and knew when Dr. Rynd left the house. She went directly to the library, where she found Major Le Noir complacently smoking a cigar.

"What are we to do?" she asked, impatiently. "The tenth day is passed, and that poor imbecile seems no nearer dying than he was last night."

"The major nonchalantly blew out a cloud of cigar-smoke. "And that little drug of yours was warranted to kill in ten days!" he said, coolly. "I don't wonder you are at your wits' end."

She grew ghastly pale. "Hush!" she cried, in a startled whisper. "You might be overheard."

"No danger of that, my dear madame. Miss Madeline is sleeping too soundly, just at the present moment, and the servants are all in the other part of the house."

"It is well to be cautious, none the less. But you have not answered my question. What are we to do?"

"Give him another drop from that vial you carry in your bosom."

Mrs. Ingestre shuddered. "I suppose it must be done!"

She leaned against the wall, her very lips white. Presently she stirred a little. She looked down at the bright, handsome face beside her.

"You will be true to me, Gustave?" she murmured, faintly. "You will redeem your promise after—after—it is all over?"

He laughed low and mirthlessly.

"Of course I will, my love. You shall be made my wife so soon as 'the proprieties' permit. What am I scheming for, if not for the hand of a handsome and wealthy widow?"

She overlooked the coarseness of this reply. A long breath of relief escaped her. She seemed fully satisfied with the answer she got.

"I believe you, Gustave. We will be happy yet, in spite of fate. I shall be very rich if we succeed in cheating Madeline out of her share, and you shall have it all!"

"Thank you, my love!" and he audaciously threw her a kiss.

Mrs. Ingestre drew nearer. "You have made out the will that is to be found after my husband's death, and worded it to suit our wishes?" she asked, dropping her voice.

"Yes."

"My husband might be induced to sign it. Why don't you make the attempt?"

Major Le Noir started briskly to his feet. "By Jove!" he cried, "the suggestion is a good one. It may save me the trouble of forging his signature, and that is worth thinking of."

"You will broach the subject? He might suspect me of interested motives were I to say anything."

"To be sure. It would be a pity to open his eyes now, after you have blinded him successfully so many years—made him your slave and dupe, in fact."

"He is beginning to suspect me, of late. I could not have deceived him much longer. His death is come to be the only means of retaining my position in this house. You know that as well as I do."

"To be sure," answered the major, with a little nod; "it was high time something was being done when we began operations. Shall I go directly to the dear man's chamber?"

"No, wait a little. I must see that the coast is clear."

Mrs. Ingestre went up-stairs. Her husband had been considerably excited by the conversation he had held with Dr. Rynd, and she found him tossing restlessly upon his couch. She spoke a few soothing words, and then took her place beside him.

The nurse was now in the chamber. After waiting a few moments, Mrs. Ingestre sent her away on some pretext or other. The sick man turned, when they were alone, looking into her face earnestly and beseechingly.

"I would like to see Madeline," he said.

"You are sure, sure she will not come?"

Mrs. Ingestre shook her head, sadly.

"No, she will not come. I'm afraid she is inclined to be resentful. She can do without you now, and writes me that she does not wish to see you."

"A just retribution," he groaned. After a little, he raised his head again. "Give me some drink, Lydia."

Mrs. Ingestre took an empty glass from the table and filled it with tamarind-water from the jug. Her hands shook nervously while performing this task. Turning her back to the bed, she took from the bosom of her dress a tiny vial containing some sort of colorless liquid, a single drop of which she suffered to fall into the glass of tamarind-water.

His talk with Dr. Rynd had rendered Wales Ingestre more distrustful than usual, perhaps. At any rate, he watched his wife's movements narrowly. In a mirror that hung against the opposite wall he distinctly saw reflected what she had done.

When the guilty woman turned toward the couch with the drink for which he had asked, she was surprised and startled to see the strange look of aversion and horror with which her husband regarded her. He pushed the glass violently from his lips.

"Woman?" he cried, in a terrible voice, "would you poison me?"

Mrs. Ingestre stared at him like one stupefied.

With all her duplicity, it took several moments to recover from the shock occasioned by his words.

"Oh, Wales," she murmured, "don't say such horrible things. What do you mean? This is harmless tamarind-water. How cruel of you to doubt me—to use that terrible word to me!"

He still regarded her distrustfully. "What is it in that vial you carry about hidden on your person?" he asked, sharply.

At that, she opened her blue eyes in a well-feigned look of bewilderment. The corners of her mouth drooped like those of a grieved child.

"Oh, Wales, how can you speak to me in that tone? I have no such vial as you mention. Your mind wanders, or else you have been dreaming."

"And that tamarind-water is not poisoned?"

"Of course it isn't. To convince you that I speak the truth, I will taste it myself."

She raised the glass to her lips, slipping two or three swallows of its contents. Wales Ingestre watched her in silent perplexity. His brain was not very clear—perhaps he had been dreaming. His distrust had run away with his reason; he had merely imagined what he had seemed to see in the mirror, mayhap.

"Forgive me, Lydia," he said, after a pause. "I'm not afraid of the tamarind-water now."

He drank it nearly all. Mrs. Ingestre replaced the glass upon the stand with an expression of unmistakable relief.

Major Le Noir came into the room presently. He immediately broached the subject of the will.

"As your solicitor, it is my duty to look after business matters," said the wily villain, apologetically. "It isn't right to neglect providing for your family, as you have done. Will-making is one of the things it does not answer to put off. Of course you may recover from your present illness, but that is not to the point at all."

Mr. Ingestre made no sort of reply. He lay among the pillows, white and exhausted. A languid stupor seemed to have succeeded his recent excitement. Major Le Noir saw his condition, and was shrewd enough to take advantage of it.

"To save trouble," he said, briskly, "I will draw up a blank form and bring it to you. It can then be filled to suit your wishes."

Still the sick man did not seem to heed him in the least. The major's eyes met Mrs. Ingestre's for a moment. Then he left the room, and was absent fifteen or twenty minutes. He brought with him a folded strip of parchment when he came back. This was the document which he and his coadjutor had prepared some days previously, that it might be ready in case of emergency. But there were no blanks to fill out, as he intended Mr. Ingestre to think. It was an explicit conveyance of all the testator might be possessed of to his wife, Lydia Ingestre, and to his daughter Alicia. Madeline's name was not mentioned at all.

Major Le Noir hoped to induce his client to sign this document by pretending to fill the blanks that did not exist, by inserting such bequests as he (Mr. Ingestre) should dictate.

"Of course, we must have the necessary witnesses," said the major. "The nurse counts for one. I will call up two of the servants, and they can put down their names directly without waiting for the blanks to be filled. If we say nothing, they will not detect the difference. To be sure," he added, with a light laugh, "this is an unusual method of procedure, but I can see no possible objection to it."

Mr. Ingestre stared at him stupidly, but made no reply. He carried out the programme precisely as he had arranged it, calling in the nurse and two servants, who signed their names, and then went away without so much as knowing the purport of the document.

The major wheeled a stand to the bedside when all this had been accomplished. "Now," said he, giving the sick man a slight shake, "nothing remains to be done save to put in the bequests and to sign the will."

Mr. Ingestre roused himself. A momentary fire flashed into his ghastly face.

"Leave me in peace," he said, slowly. "I have already made my will. I shall make none other."

Major Le Noir started back as if he had been struck. This was the first intimation he had received of the step his client had taken so secretly. He turned sharply about, glancing at Mrs. Ingestre. Her surprise and consternation seemed even greater than his own, so he could not well suspect her of double-dealing so far as he was himself concerned.

"Impossible," he muttered; "I have drawn up no other document."

"I know that," replied the sick man, faintly. "It was prepared by Lawyer Green, and duly signed and sealed in his presence."

The baffled villain drew a long breath.

"When was this?" he asked.

"Rather more than two weeks since."

"Ah!" sharply. "Of course, I have nothing more to say then, since my work has been delegated to another. Why didn't you tell me so at once?"

He did not wait for a reply to his question. A sinister light came into his bright, dark eyes as he turned away. He approached Mrs. Ingestre, and leaned suddenly over her chair, saying, in a whisper: "After all we have risked, you and I are not to be baffled so easily. We must find that will, and—destroy it!"

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BOSTON POST OFFICE.

ACCORDING to the previously arranged programme, the corner-stone of the new Post Office and Sub-Treasury building at Boston, Mass., was laid on Monday, October 16th, with Masonic ceremonies, in the presence of President Grant, Vice-President Colfax, Secretary of the Navy

Robeson, Secretary of War Belknap, Postmaster-General Creswell, Speaker Blaine, and a large company of other distinguished gentlemen.

At eleven o'clock a procession, composed of the First Battalion of Cavalry, the Boston School Regiment, nine Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, National Lancers, and representatives of the Masonic fraternity from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, passed in review before Mrs. Grant, Mrs. John A. Andrews, and other ladies, who had taken a position for that purpose in Blackstone Square, and then followed a designated route to the site of the Post Office, on the corner of Water and Devonshire Streets.

The ceremonies directly attending the laying of the stone were long, but interesting. On the arrival of the procession, the distinguished visitors were escorted to a high platform which was built in front of the building, at the corner where the stone was to be laid. The surrounding streets were occupied by the military, the organizations which had formed the procession, and a vast crowd of spectators. The ceremonies were opened with music by Gilmore's band, followed by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lathrop of the old Brattle Square Church, one of the few remaining relics of Boston, soon to be removed.

Postmaster-General Creswell, the orator of the day, was then introduced, and delivered a highly interesting address.

Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, ex-Mayor of the city, and one of the best informed of modern Bostonians, followed with a historical sketch, in which he alluded to the site and its history, and gave an interesting sketch of the postal arrangements in days long ago.

The Masonic ceremonies were in the usual form, embracing the depositing of the box in the corner-stone by the Grand Treasurer, spreading of the cement by the Grand Master, consecration ceremonies with corn, wine, oil, etc. President Grant assisted the Grand Master in spreading the cement. Grand Master Gardner also made an address, alluding to the part the Masons took in laying the corner-stone of the National Capitol. The singing of a hymn, written by William T. Adams, and the benediction, closed the ceremonies. Loud calls were made for President Grant, who came forward and bowed. Vice-President Colfax being called for, made a brief congratulatory speech.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Grant, Miss Nellie Grant, Mrs. Creswell, and one or two other ladies, visited the Navy Yard by invitation of the Commodore.

The corn used in the ceremony was a part of that deposited at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825, in the presence, and with the assistance, of the distinguished patriot and Freemason, the Marquis de Lafayette. After the Grand Master, Charles S. Woodbury, ordered proclamation to be made that the stone was proven square, level, plumb, true and trusty, he made a short address, during which he placed in the hands of President Grant a lock of Washington's hair, carefully preserved in a golden urn, which, through vicissitudes of fortune hard to endure, and conflagrations which have devoured Masonic temples, has been spared to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

AFTER a correspondence between the Committee of the New York Yacht Club and Mr. Ashbury, which promised to be interminable, the English yachtsman finally accepted with reluctance the terms proposed by the New York Club, to sail a series of six races, to be followed by a seventh in case of a tie, three of the races to be over the usual Club course, and the other three over an ocean course twenty miles from the Lightship and return.

The first of this series of races came off on Monday, October 16th, over the usual course, the *Columbia*, owned by Commodore Osgood, being matched as the American champion against the *Livonia*, and was won by the *Columbia* by 27 minutes and 4 seconds.

The second race of the series was sailed on Wednesday, October 18th, over the ocean course, the same vessels being again matched against each other. It was generally expected that the *Dauntless* would be selected to represent the Club over this course, and when the wind had freshened as it had to a ten-knot breeze, everybody was satisfied that the *Dauntless* would be the chosen one. To the astonishment of all, the Committee selected the *Columbia*, and the *Dauntless* was left out in the cold. The Committee were certainly right, as this story will eventually show, for under the circumstances the *Dauntless* or any other yacht in the fleet would probably have been beaten. As the *Columbia* was short-handed, she took some men from the *Dauntless*. The signal to prepare to start was given on board the *Fletcher* at 11:52, and at 11:57 the whistle blew for them to start. At this time the wind was about N.N.W., and the tide setting east.

For the first half hour it was a wonderfully close race, and it was nearly impossible to discover any gain on the part of either vessel. The steamers *Fletcher* and *Magenta* followed on behind; but the former had a hard job to keep up with the yachts, who were flying about at a lively gait. They kept remarkably close together, and on this particular point of sailing with the wind on the beam there was hardly any noticeable difference, each holding her own ground. The breeze kept steadily freshening, and both boats keeled over every now and then as the puffs caught them.

The *Columbia* was dashing along about twelve knots an hour, when a puff caught her, and snap went her staysail sheet. The damage was, however, soon repaired, and the sail set again within seven minutes from the accident. Coming up to the stake-boat, it became apparent that the *Columbia* had gained a little on the *Livonia* during the run down. The *Livonia*

came up to the stake-boat at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, and jibing over her boom, shot off home on the starboard tack. The *Columbia* came up about a minute later, but turning from the eastward, tacked ship, and lowering both topsails in obedience to the increasing gale, shot ahead and took the windward position. A few minutes after 2 o'clock it came on to blow in earnest, and both the yachts flew through the water at the rate of about fourteen knots an hour. The *Livonia*, finding the pressure rather strong, took in her main-topsail, but still stood the companion canvas.

The race was now very interesting, and the *Columbia* had all she wanted to beat the *Livonia*. About half-past 2, when the Lightship came in sight, the *Columbia* found she was hauling too close on the wind, and, slacking off her sheets, Commodore Osgood let her drive. As the *Livonia* still kept holding her own about 300 yards astern, the *Columbia* set her foresail single-reefed and her flying jib. The increase of canvas soon began to tell, and flying through the water, with the spray dashing on every side, the Englishman was dropped astern.

The finish of the race was very fine, and when the *Columbia* dashed across the imaginary line between the Lightship and the *Fletcher*, a loud cheer burst forth from the passengers on board the *Magenta*. The *Livonia* came by about three minutes later, with her fore-topsail still standing, and the boat sitting up as stiff as a man-of-war.

	Start.	Arrival.	Actual Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	12 05 36½	3 06 46½	3 01 10
<i>Livonia</i>	12 03 21½	3 09 06½	3 05 40

With time allowance, the *Columbia* won by about eight minutes and a half.

Our artist has depicted the contending yachts as they were about reaching the Lightship on their return.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE average salary of teachers at the primary schools in Prussia is less than \$200.

RESPECTABLE New Haven is in a rage because they have been called upon to suffer a woman's suffrage convention.

THE amount of tobacco sold in Danville, Va., during the tobacco year which ended recently, is estimated to be over 13,000,000 pounds.

THE American storm signal service has been extended to Canada, by an arrangement between the two countries.

FROST has been visiting Union County, Ky., nightly for some time, and there is a considerable quantity of tobacco yet uncut in that district.

ONE of the girl graduates of the Princeton (Ill.) High School is now driving team, hauling brick for her brother.

THE "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Chinese, and one of the illustrations actually represents Christian with a pig-tail.

TWENTY Professors in the University of Rome have refused to take the oath required by the Italian Government.

THE seats of members of Congress have been raised several inches as the only possible way of elevating their occupants.

THE revivals at churches of different denominations continue throughout North Carolina. Such a "season of repentance" has not occurred there in a long time.

THE inhabitants of Chillicothe are humbly grateful that a providential dispensation of epidemic smallpox has saved them for the time from a threatened female suffrage convention.

THE municipality of Paris has voted two million francs for repairs to monuments and public buildings damaged during the siege and the reign of the Commune.

A FLOCK of ten quails straggled into a garden within the fifty yards of the public square at Columbia, Tenn., a few days since. They were captured.

THE interest paid on the British National Debt, from its commencement in 1691 to the year 1870, amounts to the astounding sum of £2,423,266,977—equal in round numbers to \$12,000,000,000.

THE Mount Sinai Jews' Hospital—incorporated February, 1812 (1812)—will remove in April from their present quarters in Twenty-eighth Street to their new building in Sixtieth Street.

DETAILS received of the recent storms and floods in China represent the loss of life and property very great. At least three thousand persons are said to have perished.

ADVICES from Odessa state that eight hundred buildings in the town of Bogosloay were burned by incendiary fires, believed to be the work of the fanatical oppressors of the Jews. A great proportion of the inhabitants are of Jewish faith.

ORDERS have been issued at the Treasury Department for the construction of twenty or more new life-saving stations on the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, providing they can be done at certain prices and within a reasonable time.

GENERAL SHERMAN, accompanied by his chief of staff, has sailed with Rear-Admiral Alden, in the flagship *Wabash*, for the European squadron. General Sherman intends making a military inspection of European armies and fortifications.

THEY have "Maiden Assurance Companies" in Denmark. A father may deposit any sum at the birth of a daughter, and the child receives during her minority four per cent. annually; at eighteen she comes into a higher income, which is increased at stated periods through life.

THE Government loses by the Chicago fire \$3,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 is in stamps, \$500,000 in gold, and the remainder in greenbacks. This is but a fraction of the entire loss borne mainly by insurance companies, or at least as now estimated, two-thirds, or about \$200,000,000, must be carried by the underwriters.

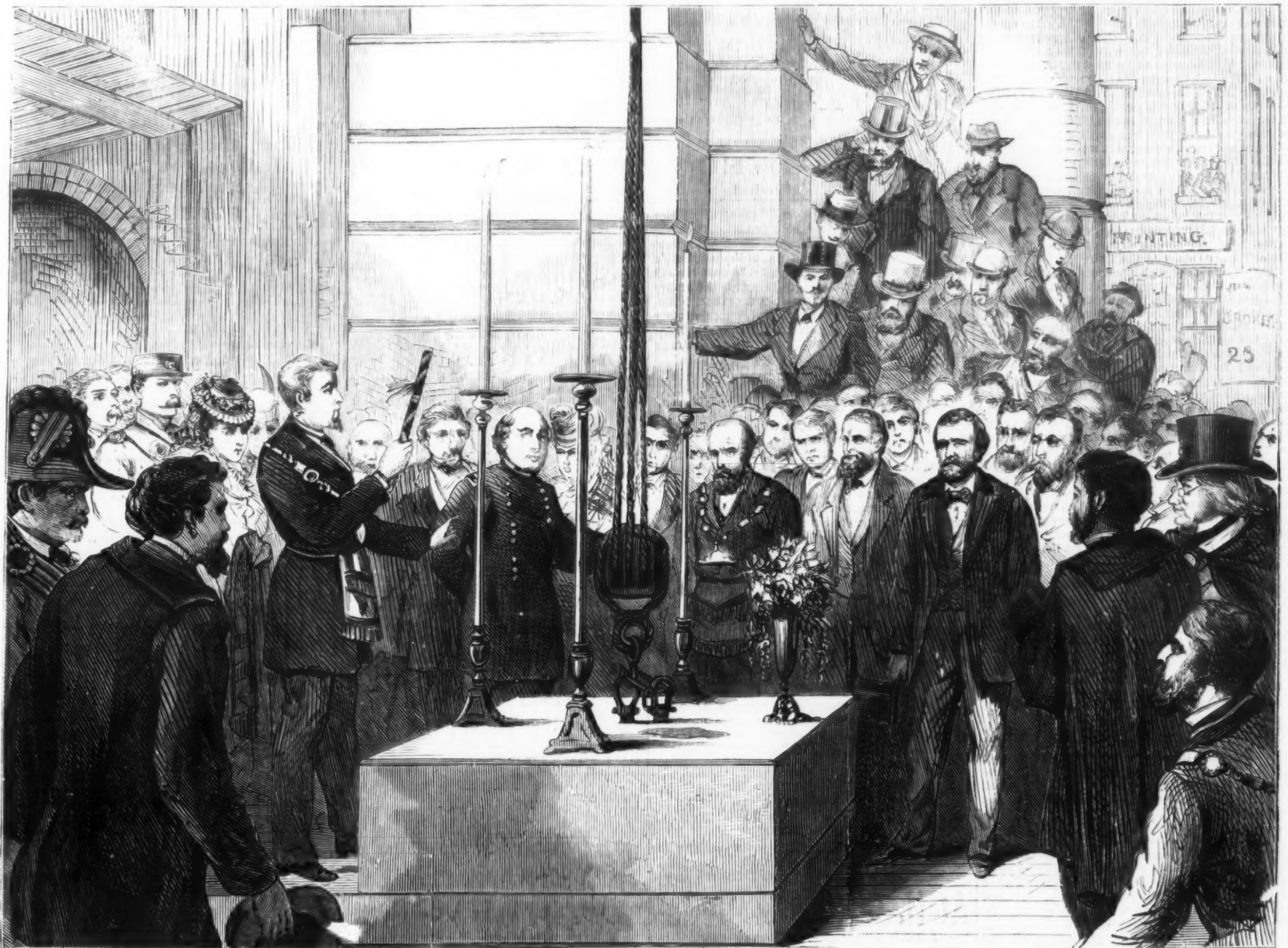
THE Board of Arbitrators, to sit at Geneva, is now complete, the appointment left to the Emperor of Brazil being the last made. The members are Charles Francis Adams on behalf of the United States; Lord Chief-Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn for Great Britain; Jacques Stämpfli, of Switzerland; Count Selopis, of Italy; and Baron de Itajubá, of Brazil. This last named appointment is represented as creditable; and, as the Baron has seen recent diplomatic service as representative of his government at the French Capital, it is fair to presume that he brings special fitness to the work.



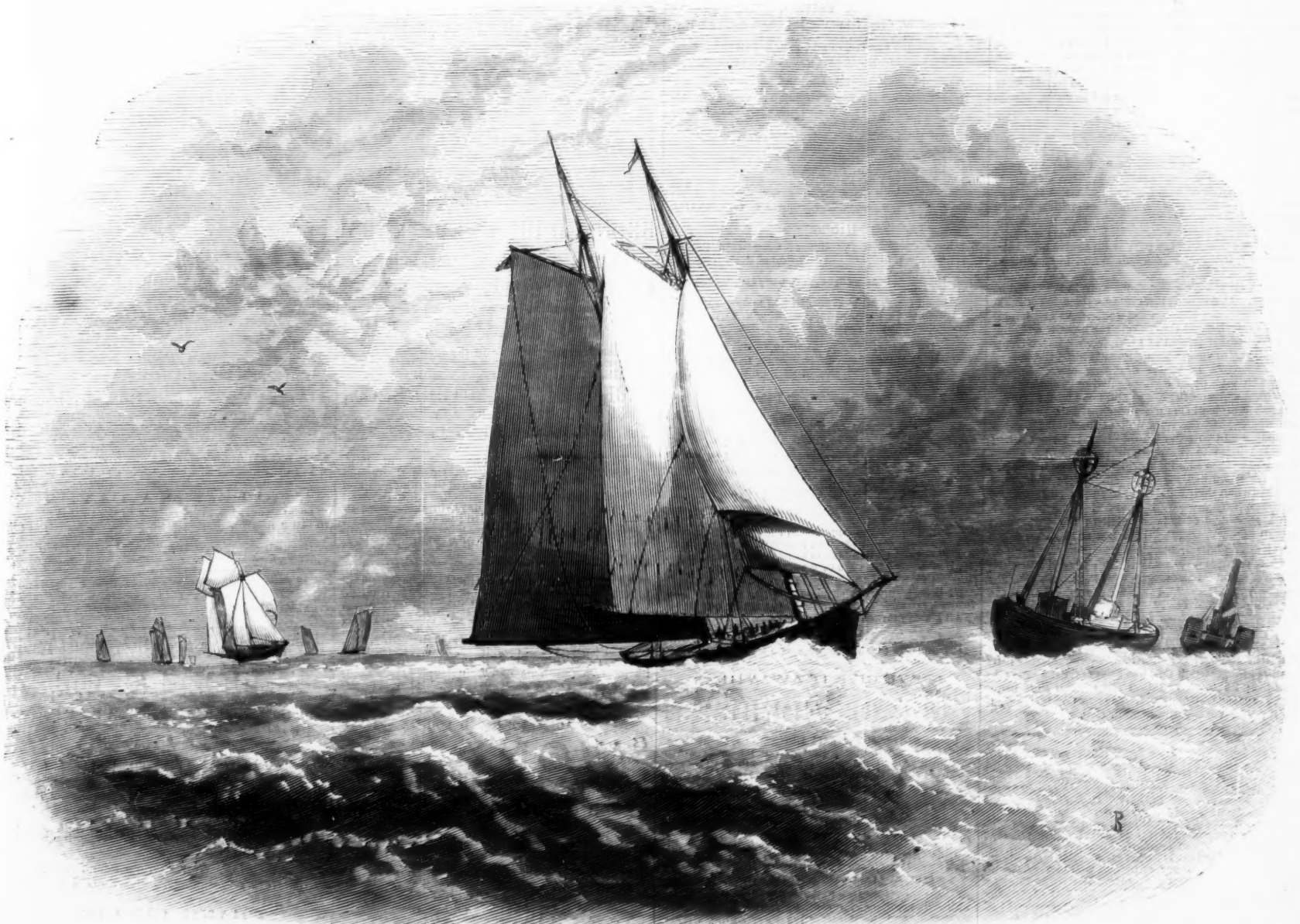
THE CHICAGO FIRE.—A NIGHT SCENE IN GRACE CHURCH—CITIZENS PREPARING FOR REST.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 117.



THE CHICAGO FIRE.—A DAY SCENE IN GRACE CHURCH—THE PASTOR AND ASSISTANTS SERVING OUT RATIONS FOR THE DESTITUTE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER. SEE PAGE 117



MASSACHUSETTS.—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW U. S. POST-OFFICE AND SUB-TREASURY, AT BOSTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR—SEE PAGE 120.



NEW YORK HARBOR.—THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE, BETWEEN THE "COLUMBIA" AND "LIVONIA" ON OCTOBER 18TH, 1871—ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP ON THE HOME STRETCH. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 123.

FALL FASHIONS IN JEWELS.

DAME FASHION does not seem inclined to risk her reputation of being fickle by sanctioning the use of patterns this Winter that received her countenance a year ago. Knowing full well of the many matrimonial alliances about to be consummated, she has given her special commands for the manufacture of wedding jewelry and presents, and those well-known silversmith and jewelers, Messrs. Ball Black & Co., have hastened to execute her wishes. For a full dinner service they have perfected some elegant work in silver, exhibiting new designs in shape and ornamentation. The Club Set forms by far the most attractive and appropriate gift a young bride could desire, and is offered exclusively to wedding parties. Silver spoons and forks, through a novel idea, are now sold by the ounce instead of the dozen, thus guaranteeing the best material in any quantity the purchaser may desire. The new arrangement of diamonds is particularly noticeable, and the Knife Edge style, combining fixed stones with pendants, are remarkable for their brilliancy and neatness of finish. We notice with pleasure that the Moorish style is superseding the Grecian and other antique patterns, and, as in the case of cameos, the effect is far more artistic than that exhibited by these stones during the past few years. In addition to the finest embossed heads, the beauty is increased by the rich settings of gold in various colors. The Souvenir Watches for ladies, with short chains, composed of golden crescents thickly studded with diamonds and colored leaves, are exquisite gems in their way.

This firm is now the sole agent for the United States for the sale of the famous Jacot Watches, a Swiss manufacture of great beauty and accuracy; and has on hand the largest stock of Waltham Watches to be found in this country. Besides the most complete assortment of wedding gifts in the gold, silver, and jewel lines, a very choice collection of statuary and artistic bronzes are now on exhibition, from which selection can be made, agreeable to any taste for the embellishment of the fashionable salon. We are informed by Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., that their importations will be far the heaviest for the Holiday season that they have ever received. They have just commenced putting their new goods in their showrooms, and will continue to bring out the latest novelties in statuary, bronzes and paintings from abroad. A specialty is also made in the line of crystal chandeliers, which exceed in beauty and style anything we have yet seen in that department.

THE CANON OF NEW RIVER—VIRGINIA SCENERY.

MR. CHARLES NORDHOFF, late of the *Evening Post*, contributes to the *New York Tribune* a series of letters descriptive of life and progress in Virginia and West Virginia; and among other items of interest, gives the following account of the work on the Great Trunk Line to the Southwest, now building, along the New River and Kanawha Valleys:

"To Kanawha Falls we had traveled over very tolerable roads. When we mounted our horses the following morning, we entered the New River country—a howling wilderness, through which the engineer parties of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad have constructed a path, by which you may ride at a slow walk, and see how the industry of workmen can blast and dig and tunnel a way along the precipitous banks of a raging torrent for the iron horse.

"I do not know why it is called the *New River*. It rises in North Carolina, and flows northward and westward until it falls into the Kanawha, about two miles above the great Falls. Its water is too warm to drink; its current is fierce and treacherous; its course is full of rapids, so that navigation is impossible, and even lumber-rafts cannot be floated on it safely; its banks are steep, and in many parts precipitous, and from 800 to 1,200 feet high. When the engineers were making surveys for the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, they had to take their measurements and levels, suspended by ropes. Since the building of the railroad has begun all the boats on the lower part of the river have been destroyed by the contractors, because they found their use too dangerous to life.

"Such is the New River, and by this time next year you may ride comfortably along the side of its bluffs, at the rate of 30 miles per hour, and laugh at the slow and tiresome progress of which I have written. But tiresome though our ride necessarily was, it was not tedious, for grander scenery than the New River affords, in the part of its course below the Greenbrier, it would be difficult to find in the United States.

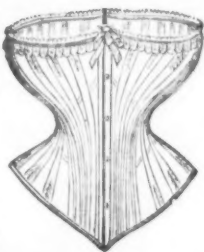
"Here, on the New River, we were in the midst of the work. At frequent intervals a succession of rock-blasts thundered through the gorge. As our horses picked their difficult steps along the narrow and slippery trail which skirts the precipice, we heard below us the clang of sledge-hammers striking drills, or saw men shoveling, or mules dragging carts. And at every half mile or so we descended to the grade and rode for a while on the broad and level track. In our somewhat difficult ride we surmounted the precipices and approached the river only at intervals; but the engineers had to carry a line along the river; their duty led them to the most inaccessible places, and they had to take nice measurements where it was not easy for a squirrel to stand, and where men could only crawl on their hands and knees, or be supported by ropes.

"A good deal of it is completed; the contractors are all at work, and the work has been so arranged that it shall all be finished next September.

"The result is a roadway which passes through the mountains on an easier grade by far than any other of the great East and West lines connecting the Atlantic with the West."

WATCH No. 4026.—Bearing Trade Mark "Edwin Rollo, Marion, N. J."—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me two months; its total variation from mean time being three seconds.—JOSHUA L. BRAGO, Conductor N. J. R. R., New York, January 10th, 1870.

THE following notes from the report for 1870, from the Commissioner of Patents, are of interest: "The amount received on applications for patents, re-issues, extensions, caveats, disclaimers, appeals, and trade-marks, was \$603,775. The amount received for copies of specifications, drawings, and other papers, was \$46,550. The amount received for recording assignments, was \$19,122; making a total of \$669,447. The total amount expended was \$557,147, which includes \$404,143 paid for salaries. On the 1st of January, a balance remained in the Treasury of \$643,355. The number of applicants for patents during the year 1870, was 19,171. The number of patents issued, including re-issues and designs, was 13,321; of these there were granted to subjects of Great Britain, 349; France, 89; other foreign subjects, 205.



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A NORWICH authority tells a pathetic little story about a pigeon which became fastened by a long string hanging from its leg to a telegraph-wire. Two or three cruel boys wanted to throw stones at it; but a kind gentleman, telling them not to hurt the poor bird, got a ladder and carefully unwound the string, and put the frightened, fluttering little creature tenderly into his bosom while he descended. The next evening he remarked that it had made a much nicer pile than he expected.

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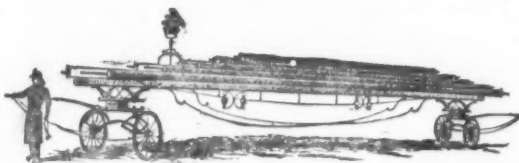
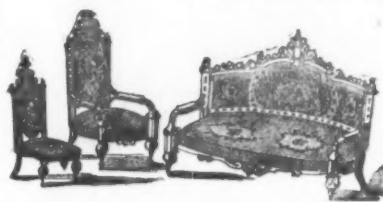
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